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Truth & Movies



THE MESRINE ISSUE:
IN WHICH VINCENT CASSEL TALKS
ESTABLISHMENT BAITING AND
POLICE BRUTALITY. **040** STATE
OF VIOLENCE. **048** GREAT
ESCAPES. **058** AMERICA'S MOST
WANTED. **074** LARS VON TRIER.
090 ROBIN WRIGHT PENN.
100 ALFRESCO CINEMA. **108**
GUS VAN SANT. **116** INCOMING
CANNES SPECIAL. **124 PAGES:**
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COVER REPRODUCTION BY PAUL WILLOWHART
VINCENT GAROGL PHOTOGRAPHED BY SAM COLEMAN



***“TIMES
CHANGE;
MEN DON’T.
AND ME
LEAST OF ALL.”***

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EXTRA

PARIS, MARS 1968, 1.200 F

CHAPTER ONE

IN WHICH WE DISCUSS Mesrine: Killer Instinct

Mesrine: Public Enemy No. 1



WIDEBROW GANGSTER JACQUES MESRINE WOULD
BE PROUD OF THE FILMS THAT BEAR HIS NAME.

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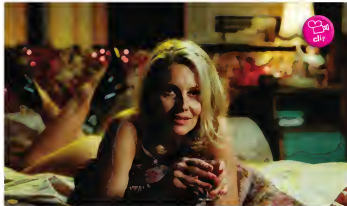
WILLIE
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Johnstone died of a heart attack in 1992, aged 59, after a long battle with cancer. He was buried in the same place. The place was named Johnstone's Place, and it was the last of the many places that he had lived in.





For Richet, the question is how to balance that hope with reality – to find the line between the demands of cinema and the hard facts of life. “You want to tell us that *Killer Instinct* and *Public Enemy* are based on a true story [indeed, in *Public Enemy*, we actually see Mesrine in prison printing his own legend, “People like pace and action,” he says. “You have to give them what they want.”], he opens each film with a title card: “No film can faithfully reproduce the complexity of a human life.” To each his own point of view.

And yet the director’s point-of-view is hard to decipher. Richet has given us pace and action aplenty (but in doing so has gladly subverted the foundation of the biopic – to claim to truth – as well as his responsibility as a writer to remain faithful to his material). So *Killer Instinct* and *Public Enemy* are... what? Based-on true fiction?

Instead of analysis, we get shoot-outs, bank jobs and prison breakouts. Mesrine was, after all, nothing if not a man of action. His escape from Canada’s Special Correction Unit in *Killer Instinct* is a thriller ruse: a classic – in contrast to Richet’s tight control. But however entertaining the film’s frequent set pieces are, the noisy cycle of crime/prison/escape eventually proves underwhelming.

Mesrine’s criminal career coincided with the birth of the New Wave, but there’s little of that electrifying innovation here. Richet has an episodic, TV sensibility – albeit one that is distinctly French. Rather than finding inspiration in Arthur Penn or Howard Hawks, he looks to the hard-boiled aesthetic of Jean Pierre Melville and Jacques Becker’s rugged policemen. But busy split screens, sudden zooms and slow-motion simply serve to soften the jagged edges of those classics.

Both films are at their best when they reach for something more – when the political undercurrents of this fascinating period bubble up to the surface. *Killer Instinct* begins with Mesrine’s violent death at the hands of armed police in 1979 – an incident that still divides opinion in France. But the inevitability of his death isn’t played as a simple morality tale. In



the France that Mesrine knew – a nearly swamp of radical politics, state-sponsored violence and underground gangs – guilt and innocence were missing targets. The question is, who are the real criminals here?

Mesrine belonged to a generation of men haunted by the memory of Nazi occupation, and forged in the colonial killing fields of Algeria. This combustible mix of emancipation and violence – brutally captured in scenes that follow Mesrine from the execution of an FLN terrorist to the bourgeois grandeur of a family dinner – produced an underclass of disenfranchised men whose despair and hatred, once unleashed, was eventually turned against the state that had exploited and encouraged it.

We may hear French radio talk of a new and modern Algeria, but it

also gave birth to a new and modern criminal: well armed, well trained and able to exploit the visibility of a Fourth Republic in its final throes. Far from accepting its complexity, however, the Republic fought back, displaying its hypocrisy by asserting extra legal powers to stamp out the darkness it had created.

All that remains in the background of Rache's films – dark hints of a sinister history that might have made Mesrine's story so much more than another gangster flick, like a number of explosive set-ups (from obviously Gaudes's affiliation with a right wing terror cell, and his subsequent murder by the police) – fail to pay off. Having averted the spectre of a fresh new take on the genre, Rache suddenly backs away. ▀



Perhaps the problem is Méliès himself. "If I have to start with the Palestinians," he tells a journalist in *Public Enemy*. "I will." But he won't. Méliès may have moved fluently through a world of revolutionaries, but he won't one of them. He remains untouched by history. The Méliès of *Public Enemy* isn't a communist or a fascist but a narcissist – his violence a symptom of his vanity.

And yet Richet doesn't strip him completely of sympathy. There's always an out for Méliès – some excuse to justify his actions, whether the murder of two state troopers in Canada (self-defense), his anti-Arab racism (cultural anxiety) or a brutal assault on his wife (loyalty to his friends). Consider that with the warring approach reserved for the head of the ICC, or the hypocrisy of the lawyers and judges threatened by Méliès's anarchic brand of self-expression.

That, of course, is exactly the kind of movement that Méliès would have loved. So too the film's charismatic lead. Though surrounded by a glitzy army of talent, Vincent Cassel dominates the frame, even as the sluggish shoulders of Killer Instinct slouch slowly into the middle-aged

spread of *Public Enemy*. This is a physical performance, jaunty and restless, his legs curled into a mocking half smile/half sneer – the expression of a casual, careless disregard for the world. Even buried beneath prison kags and 40-pounds of fat, there's no mistaking Cassel's undeniable star power.

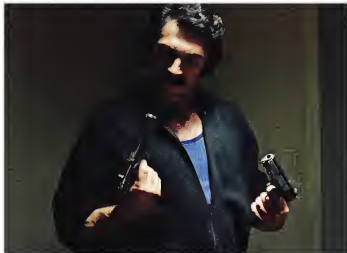
Though never less than entertaining, *Killer Instinct* and *Public Enemy* can't escape the shadow of the blow they might have been. Both earn their place in the gangster canon. But not even Jacques Méliès can escape the constraints of cinema. **Mark Buchanan**

Anticipation Heavily criticized at France's Cannes, scoping awards for Best Actor and Best Director ❶

Enjoyment The pace doesn't let up over four hours of action-packed cinema ❷

In Retrospect Richet's approach to the material is questionable, limiting the relevance of his film to the 1930s length ❸

Turn to page 274 for the complete 2010 Oscars Guide.



**IF KILLER INSTINCT
AND PUBLIC ENEMY
HAVE INSPIRED YOU
TO STAGE A CINEMATIC
SMASH AND GRAB
ON MORE GANGSTER
FILMS, CHECK OUT
THESE ALTERNATIVE
CRIME CLASSICS.**



QUAI DES ORFÈVRES (1947)

DIRIGED BY Jean Serge Cloutier

Jean-Serge Cloutier was the only director whom Alfred Hitchcock considered a rival for his title of "Master of Suspense." This is his confusion with Olivier Marchal's 2004 *Le Quai des Orfèvres* (which is itself a worthy modern police film). Cloutier's dark classic is the story of a police inspector who becomes the chief suspect in the murder of a businessman who took great care to be seen in public, a man he had seen on the streets. Cloutier would reveal the police's twisted struggle with cinematic consequences in 1961's *Flower*, but here he was in charge of his game, offering hard-boiled film noir offered tape relief to the post-war audience.



BOB LE FLAMBEUR (1956)

DIRIGED BY Jean-Pierre Melville

Directly influenced by Fritz Lang's *The Big Heat*, Jean-Pierre Melville's *Bob le Flambeur* is a well-bred director's undoubted 2nd best work of psychological realism. Starting Henri Charbonnet as the ill-fated gambler down on his luck, the film prefigures the New Wave's sweeping narratives with a twist: instead of a romantic quest, he goes where he goes in the end. "I was not born to play," this is a movie from Jean-Pierre Melville's age of cinema, offering with uncertainty, the excitement.



ROMANZO CRIMINALE (2005)

DIRIGED BY Giulio Gianini

With its sprawling period soundtracks and plot-thriller drama, *Romanzo Criminale* may sound like a modern epic, but it's a film that's undoubted 2nd best work of psychological realism. Starting Henri Charbonnet as the ill-fated gambler down on his luck, the film prefigures the New Wave's sweeping narratives with a twist: instead of a romantic quest, he goes where he goes in the end. "I was not born to play," this is a movie from Jean-Pierre Melville's age of cinema, offering with uncertainty, the excitement.

LA MALA OROINA (1972)

DIRIGED BY Lucio Fulci

Influenced by the likes of *The Godfather*, *William Friedkin* and *Samuel Fuller*, the Italian giallo *La Mala Oroina* is a first period of popularity between the circles of the spiritual realm and the rise of horror. *La Mala Oroina* is a film that's undoubted 2nd best work of psychological realism. Starting Henri Charbonnet as the ill-fated gambler down on his luck, the film prefigures the New Wave's sweeping narratives with a twist: instead of a romantic quest, he goes where he goes in the end. "I was not born to play," this is a movie from Jean-Pierre Melville's age of cinema, offering with uncertainty, the excitement.



LONDON TO BRIGHTON (2006)

DIRIGED BY Paul Andrew Wilson

It's a classic for a gangster film in the 1940s, but Paul Andrew Wilson's *London to Brighton* is a film that's undoubted 2nd best work of psychological realism. Starting Henri Charbonnet as the ill-fated gambler down on his luck, the film prefigures the New Wave's sweeping narratives with a twist: instead of a romantic quest, he goes where he goes in the end. "I was not born to play," this is a movie from Jean-Pierre Melville's age of cinema, offering with uncertainty, the excitement.



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IsGiles:

What is it you love about movies?

Geesel:

Do you know what, that's very interesting
because I watch a lot of movies but I realize
that what I like the most is not watching
movies but making them. It's like sports,
you know? I love sports but I get bored
when I watch them on TV after a while.
It's to practice - to lose yourself, to live
the moment, to express yourself that is the
most interesting thing for me as an actor.
I watch movies, but I'm not a movie buff.



Respect, personal and respectful



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CHAPTER THREE

IN WHICH WE DISCUSS

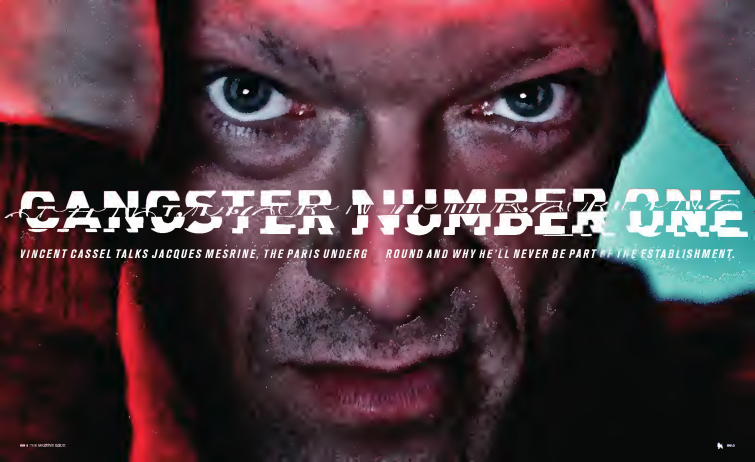
Themes of
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inspired by our
feature films

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REAL TO REAL

*THE CAMERA'S EYE IS A WINDOW INTO AN UNKNOWN SOUL.
FROM GANGSTERS AND RUBBER MEN TO PRISON BLUES AND
RED-HOT STARS, GET LOST IN THE DESERT OF THE REAL.*



THE TALENTED MR. RYAN **GANGSTER NUMBER ONE**

VINCENT CASSEL TALKS JACQUES MESRINE, THE PARIS UNDERG ROUND AND WHY HE'LL NEVER BE PART OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.





**WORDS
BY MATT
BOCHENSKI
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY SAM
CHRISTMAS**

It could be pretty easy for Vincent Cassel. He's got three inches of alpha male masculinity, he grew up in an artistic family of opera singers, dancers, rappers and actors in 1970s Paris. But he took his time making a mark. Cassel was cloudy in his red-tinted when he landed several small roles in French television, 38 before he got a name part in Merchant Ivo's *Jefferson in Paris*, and 29 before *La Haine* put him irrevocably on the map.

That breakthrough role, as *Vice* is a smoldering, cop-killing symbol of France's brewing racial breakdown — tells you everything you need to know about Cassel. Sure, he may make it look easy — with the history, the connections, the piercing eyes and essential charm — but Cassel has built a career on elastic taste and hard choices. He may have appeared in costume dramas like *Gladiator*, but he did as he the outrageously camp *Duc d'Angoulême*. He may have added his voice to *Shrek*, but he followed it up with Gaspar Noé's rape-revenge shocker *Jeune fille* (just as the hollow gaze of Cassel's *Twelve* gave way to the gleeful gaze of *Séance*). In between these high-profile gigs came the

smaller projects that allowed Cassel to explore the fringes of his anti-hero persona — Gilles Mimouni's *L'Appartement* (where he met future wife Monica Bellucci), *Cherchez le Père Noël* with Jean Reno, and the genre-bending *Boîte à nuit* of the *Midi*. These are not the choices of an actor comfortable with the idea of coasting through his career.

Cassel is poised. Cassel is currently making a comeback for a new role in Roman Gavras' directorial debut *L'Ordre*. Gavras, the son of Palme d'Or winner Costa-Gavras, too, like Cassel, exuded the respectability of mainstream French filmmaking. Instead, he's embraced the emerging punk aesthetic flooding out of the Parisian bedroom. Gavras and Cassel are back working with the boys of La Haine, the Kourtrajeff Collective, a group of mixed race kids from the same estates making powerfully evocative statements through violent rap lyrics and music videos, several of which were shot by Gavras. Check out the Justice track 'Séance' on YouTube — a disturbingly realistic day-in-the-life account of a gang of street thugs that paints the Parisian suburbs as a scene from *Midnight Express*. **F**

"IT IS NOT EASY WHEN YOU WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING NEGATIVE TOWARDS THE SYSTEM OR THE GOVERNMENT."

the music video that Cassel commissioned for *Amis*, [Stéphane De Baetsens] from Kautoupe members La Goutte, features graphic scenes of murder subverting in a suicide bombing.

Given his background, Cassel may be an unlikely champion of this guerrilla street scene, but there's no doubt that he means it. "I'm not calculating anything," he says when asked why the biggest star in French cinema continues to hang out with a bunch of ghetto filmmakers. "From the first images [I saw] — even though they had no obvious sense — I thought they were totally relevant to my idea of France, and my vision of France and Paris and the mix of culture," he explains. "There was no complex anymore — it was true, it was fun, it was creative. For me it is important because there's so much energy coming out of them, and I totally agree with what they do. Even if some people don't understand it, I really think that out of this collective group of artists, some really strong directions are going to emerge."

Cassel, you feel, is constantly on the hunt for filmmakers whose energy matches his own. Though softly spoken in person, there is no

doubling the star power as the real-life hero of a man who needs to keep moving, to keep testing, to keep proving himself. And there's no bigger test than the life of Jacques Mesrine.



Shot over a record-breaking nine months ("A pregnancy?") with Cassel in almost every frame, this is his *Raging Bull*. He even went through the same arduous process of weight gain as De Niro. "See again, this is the story of a man who lived an extravagant lifestyle, immersed himself in other passions, and slept with beautiful women. Okay, he's never robbed a bank, but in *Le Cassel* basically just playing himself?" "Sure ... No. Honestly, Jacques Mesrine's life has nothing to do with mine," he laughs.

And yet it's a lie that he knows well: Cassel was first approached to make the film seven years ago, but the timing wasn't right. Although he agreed to do it, Cassel admits that to retrospect he wasn't ready as an actor. **F**



“EVERYBODY HAS A STORY ABOUT JACQUES MESRINE, WHETHER IT’S TRUE OR NOT.”

Moreover, they needed to find somebody prepared to spend a lot of money on two films about an anti-hero who took on the establishment, and as Cassel says, “That is not easy when you want to make something negative towards the system or the government.”

As the project went on, the backburner for the best part of a decade, but Cassel didn’t pass the time idly. “Over seven years, I would really study and read more or less everything that has been written by or about Jacques Mesrine,” he says. “I met his kids, I met one of his girlfriends, I met people who worked with him robbing banks. I read some cops and some journalists who interviewed him. I really had time to study for once because usually you’re hired for a movie and you have to study in a rush. By the time I got on set I knew more than I really needed.”

Every French person of a certain generation knows Jacques Mesrine. He is their Robin Hood — not just a gangster, but a cultural touchstone, almost a national treasure. Cassel still remembers watching television as a 13-year-old in ’79, seeing Mesrine’s bloody body laid out in the streets. Even then, he says, “there was a pop

culture about the guy — a lot of my friends were walking around wearing T-shirts with his face on, or quoting things that he said. I would see a few skate popping up on walls, or in shops [etc.]” Even so, the interest that the film provoked surprised him. “The day they announced the movie, I started to receive e-mails and people would come up to me in the street and say, ‘You know, I met the guy. I was in school with him.’ Everybody has a story about Jacques Mesrine, whether it’s true or not.”



A story and an omen? Cassel’s opinion is pretty unequivocal. He compares Mesrine (Suboudy) to Che Guevara, and defends him from the charge that he was nothing but a killer. “He’s been accused of six murders — he accused himself in the book that he wrote of 43 murders — but the truth is that today, still, none of those murders has been proven against him,” he argues. “Let’s leave it. The guy has been killed in the middle of the street by cops — accused — when there’s

"IT'S WHEN YOU START DOING THINGS THAT YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THAT YOU RUIN YOURSELF."

How is no proof that he never killed anybody. How come? Why was he such a threat to the government? My take on that," he continues, "is that he was a clown that became too loud. He was becoming a dangerous joke. In '78, when he dies, he's the favorite celebrity of the French people. So when suddenly that guy escapes all the police that are running after him, and does a secret story for *Elles* [Mishkin] threatening the government, making fun of it. They just couldn't afford it. Then they said, Okay, we've got to get rid of this guy. And they got rid of him."

For all their not-withstanding credentials, *Killer Instinct* and *Public Enemy* were jointly nominated for Best Film at the 2000 Césars, while Cassel himself was officially welcomed into the bosom of the French film industry after being named Best Actor. Well deserved as it was, what does it mean now that the former bad boy is the favorite son? "I don't know, honestly. I think it's too soon to tell," he says. He appears at all times far a moment. "In 42 five years and it's just that you become something else," he muses. "If you grow up properly you understand more and more things, and you master your craft

a little bit more every time, and so you're getting... ripe. Being part of the César and all that, I can see the difference. But I don't think it's going to be like that [that he'll be even as part of the Establishment]. I'm still the same person, I still have the same looks, and I still have some strange moves to shoot."

Cassel is an actor who built his reputation on the ferocity of those early performances, when he brooding anger captured the authentic attitude of the street. Is that Cassel gone forever? How can you maintain that intensity when you've got money in the bank, a superstar wife, a big house in the big city? "I really, really enjoy what I do," he answers. "I've been spoiled since the beginning and I've never said 'yes to a movie for money.' So it's still really fresh and pure — I've never really had the feeling of going to work. As long as your desire is 'older', let's say, you still have the same energy. It's when you start doing the things that you don't really want to do, when you find excuses for yourself, that you start to run yourself." ☞

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11th, 12th & 13th SEPTEMBER 2009

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J Tillman Joe Gideon & the Shark Lay Low The Lost Brothers Malcolm Middleton
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Magic Arm Chief Quack Quack Spokes The Travelling Band Alasdair Roberts
Emily Barker and the Red Clay Halo Zun Zun Egui Stardeath and White Dwarfs
Dan Michaelson and the Coastguards Get The Blessing She Keeps Bees The Heavy
AU Twi the Humble Feather Laura Gibson The Pack A.D. The Telegrams MORE TBC

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The festival is held at Larmer Tree Gardens, North Dorset. The festival is held at Larmer Tree Gardens, North Dorset.
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End of the Road Festival is a registered charity. All proceeds from the festival go to the charity. The festival is held at Larmer Tree Gardens, North Dorset.

REIGN OF THE RUBBER MEN



JACQUES MESRINE MAY HAVE BEEN CALLED 'THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES', BUT HIS SKILLS PALE IN COMPARISON WITH THE WORK OF HOLLYWOOD'S GREASE PAINT GUYS. FROM TOM GULLIVAN TO RAY HARRYHUSEN, WE ASK THE MASTERS OF MAKE-UP EFFECTS ABOUT THE FUTURE OF THEIR ART FORM IN A DIGITAL WORLD. [WORDS BY PAUL CAMPBELL](#)

line, sculpture and prosthetics have been central to the art of filmmaking since Giotto's Moses first voyaged off to the moon in 1909. Make-up artists or wily visual effects gaffers spent their time taking actors in costume's delectably yellow grease paint, but it was the moment's technical possibilities that made an art of the process, giving us everything from an aged Charles Foster Kane to a chest-exploding alien from an enthralled Dirk Diggler to a reverse-aging Benjamin Button.

That film's recent awards for visual effects resonated with controversy, however, bringing a wincing argument into sharp focus: Breakaway unlike computer and legacy live-action Hollywood, *The Godfather Part II* and *Blade Runner* (An American Werewolf in London) were part of a generation of talented individuals who could not only own rules in a fledgling industry in which technological advances unleashed their imaginations. Special effects make up is one of the few parts of the biz that retains the presence of the mak-taker and the maverick entrepreneur.

And it is, ever-so-briefly, a brief: *Men Men Don't Read Books Men, The Godfather* and *Blade Runner* (An American Werewolf in London) were part of a generation of talented individuals who could not only own rules in a fledgling industry in which technological advances unleashed their imaginations. Special effects make up is one of the few parts of the biz that retains the presence of the mak-taker and the maverick entrepreneur.

A glance at the CVs of those responsible for the most groundbreaking work in the field yields little in the way of formal training. Instead, it shows practitioners in short-cut carving their name in the film business through sheer determination. For post-better Jack Stubbs, the road to *The Daily Prophet* and *Shogun* grew out of studying theatre at the University of Minnesota. He never graduated. In fact, today Stubbs cheerfully admits that he never really had any training in the business he's made his own. Like many of his peers in the skin trade, Stubbs was simply a kid, mostly of horror movies — just one of those kids who was always drawing or making models with whatever was to hand. Dick Smith similarly began his career as a grease-paint guy for the Yale amateur dramatics group. Within a few years of graduating, he was head of the make-up department at new-angled television company HBO.

As one of Smith's key protégés, it was Rick Baker who led the best general resolution in pre-digital SFX make-up. With *An American Werewolf in London*, he brought the art into the mainstream, generating not just huge press attention but also critical acclaim. The moment of *Transformers* transformation, set to Creedence's 'Bad Moon Rising', is a tigger. 'No, I'm not that Jerry Aguirre's galathea showman scene. In response to the original of director John Lasseter, Baker drew a technique that he called 'changeling face'. He was an artist, not a brand manager, a blend of ideas, sometimes and purporting that showed Lasseter to the David Naughton's agonising ambivalence scene is full without recourse to conceivably positioned to make.

Baker's techniques were as much blowing to SFX audiences as today's digital crowd-pleasers, which may be why he's unafraid by new developments. "What happens so often," he's noted, "is that they get the rubber guys against the panels, and we end up working together." For Baker, the enjoyment he gets out of the down and dirty business of creating effects is a nothing compared to achieving a spectacular visual result. "I got into puppets and animatronics because we could do things we couldn't do with make-up," he's explained. "It's the same thing with the CG stuff, I do all my design work on the computer now — it's my favourite tool."

To Tom Sullivan, whose SFX make-up on Sam Raimi's *The Evil Dead* redefined the throngingly modern zombie, and opened up new horizons for gore-hounds, CG effects are part of a creative palette that includes latex, rubber and grease paint. It's a withered medium rather than dying that he credits the movie that *Beethoven* Baker's effects were digitally enhanced. "I was enthralled," he enthuses. "It looked so."

He admits, though, that of the many conversations he attends, the topic 'Invisible' are resolutely old school. "They would never use make-up appliances, prosthetics, animatronics and stop-motion animation over digital almost across the board," he laughs. But then we're talking about the brain-hungry director of *The Dead*, and there seems to be something about the special effects Sullivan achieves that resonates with horror fans.

That love might partly be about the reaction that his, once-mayhem engendered in the performers. Sullivan certainly thinks so: "There's actual 'Blade' 'gale' erupting as opposed to a guy in a suit, it really makes a difference," he says, citing the chest-burst scene in *Blade* — "where the actors know"



something was going to happen, but not what, so when John Hurff's chest explodes, they're getting an actual shock." It is, he explains, part of a venerable directorial tradition: "There are other directors, like the director will have a little ear horn and when they need everyone to jump, they'll hit it and just remove the sound later. That kind of nerdy stuff you can't do with CGI."

Desk Smith agrees, perhaps because, like Sullivan, his vast experience on set has shown him that actors love having something to react to: "I've known directors to take 30 takes on one scene," he says, "just to get that moment, or several episodes of a moment, when the actor is in touch with his character. And how does he do that when the actor is clothed in underwear and has little dots stuck to various parts of his anatomy?"

Ironically, Smith has little interest in the game rules of an art form that a vital to the sci-fi and horror genres, even though it was his ingenuity that made Linda Blair a head spin in *The Exorcist*. His idea of ingenuity has always been the subtle physical transformation of performers, and his skills in the acting profession were those like Oliver and El Walech who revealed in the theatrical possibilities of lines and paint. As the craft is now in aging make-up, he created an almost unrecognizable 121-year-old Cruise Hoffman for *Little Boy Blue* in 1970, gave Brenda its hangdog looks for *The Godfather*, and matched the elderly Salma a mummy in 1984's *Amadeus*. His view of the growth in digital effects is far more equanimous than either Tom Sullivan or Rick Baker's. He's pragmatic, acknowledging that big scenes and green places can benefit from digital enhancement, but he affixes his eye to the aspects of the art he helped develop: "I'm so glad that I was active and had it good for during the hey-day of physical and practical make-up, and played a role," he says.

If you want to sum up the issues facing SFX make-up, look no further than the career of *Knightfall*. The exceptional SFX make-up artist mentored by both Rick Baker and Desk Smith, currently recognized as one of the new types in the business, Tajiri works as special effects make-up artist on *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button* is unusual, but no one would claim that it's a talent on digital imaging.

In fact, Tajiri's effects sculptors achieve a quality beyond prosthetic making, and have more in common with the physical artists of Australian contemporary artist Ron Mueck than with the working artists that rely on CGI for their impact. His make-up design was the only thrilling element of *Button*'s leader *Planet of the Apes*, and his contributions to *Harry* and the *Dark* *Magically* remake of *The Ring* attracted admiration. Tajiri is by no means unique in blending CGI and practical make-up, but the talent of his attention in guiding boundaries as he uses the cutting edge of technology to meet the insatiable demands of showing, perhaps innovations like *Proteus*'s HD video.

To Tom Sullivan, the debate between form of Benjamin Button and *Harry* about who deserves what is meaningless. "My view is that all periods are unfair," he explains. "I like what Spielberg did. Give five people the same budget, the same script, get them to go away and make a movie, then we'll compare." Though naturally, his personal taste leans towards *Big Red*: "Of course, I'd give five awards to *Harry* and *Guillermo* among them," he says. "The scale of what he does — he puts a lot of his dollar and it all goes up on the screen."

Sullivan believes that someone about the future of SFX make-up but to take into account the sheer amount of practical work that lies behind CGI effects. "Even for the digital stuff to work, people with skills like Rick Baker and [Fight Club's] Rick Baker or Steve Wiscart are required for creating and sculpting, which has to be even more astoundingly detailed for digital," he says. "That stuff has to be created, and the most cost-efficient way is still to create models. There's a really high stage of work being done out there, like nothing the world's ever seen."

His three models that remain close to the heart of most makeup effects packages. All of them have checked the constant of stop-motion animation and godfather of filmmaking cinema, Ray Harryhausen. When asked about his views on the future of SFX make-up, the great man is shorteningly perplexed as to what he could possibly offer the debate, although his first pose that CGI "takes anyone to create everything" gives an indication of where his affections lie.

The clearest indicator of his view lies in the introduction to his autobiography, *An Animated Life*, that establishes a point which otherwise begins in the background in almost all that still Harryhausen acknowledges that CGI has "reached a high level would have anticipated," but finds the makers of CGI's border to the desirable element that makes the impossible believable. "Stop-motion," he writes, "supplies the perfect touch of life for fantastical creatures, offering a look of pure fantasy because their movements are beyond anything we know." Anyone who's watched Harryhausen's beauty takes come to life in *Jason and the Argonauts* and felt the hairs rise on the back of their neck will know exactly what he means. 

STATE OF VIOLENCE

JACQUES MESSRINE WAS A PRODUCT OF THE TANGLED ALLIANCES BETWEEN STATE INSTITUTIONS AND ORGANISED GANGS IN 1950s FRANCE, BUT THIS ISN'T THE ONLY TIME, OR THE ONLY PLACE, THAT A STATE HAS TIED ITSELF TO THE VERY CRIMINALS IT IS SWORN TO POLICE. **MCMafia** AUTHOR MISHA GLENNY GUIDES LWLIES THROUGH A TANGLED WEB OF POWER, PROFIT AND POLITICS. **WORDS BY SORREL HEVSS**



started into violence as a French paratrooper in the battle for Algerian independence, then employed as a stooge by the *Organisation de l'Armée Secrète*, Jacques Mesrine's criminal career was intertwined with the very state that spent the best part of 20 years trying to catch him.

From clandestine political supplies in post-war France and Italy, to the complete criminal takeover of the Balkans in the '60s, thugs with long arms have forged an overnight relationship with politicians, the army and police.

A key French breed of terrorist aimed with torture took and plastic explosives was plotting to overthrow President Charles de Gaulle when Mesrine came of age. An ultra-nationalist group of military men posted to North Africa during the 1964-1962 France-Algeria war formed a 'Secret Army', whose aim was to block Algerian independence. No chance-taking surrender meetings, this lot, the terror they inflicted on Algeria's Muslim Front de Libération National (FLN), not to mention their sympathetic farmers, made the wire-bombing and electrical shocks scathed on bodies by the regular army during the war look tame.

One of the group's senior leaders, Jacques Soustelle, was Governor General of Algeria. Shrewd, confident and mean, he was known at the time as the 'Ministre de Gaulle', 'Jacques the Wrecker', the most dangerous man in France.

In 1968, *Time* magazine reported: "When he leaves his office on Paris Rue Clugnot, his movements are signalled ahead by a succession of handclaps at the ministry entrance and an overwhelming street escort, men armed with submachine guns, spring to the alert."

"Just like a Chicago gangster, eh?" Soustelle quipped.

Soustelle operated like a kind of one-man cabinet in ex-laden Algeria. Metropolitan France consumed more than 20 million tons of the stuff at that time, and he was deemed if he was going to lose control over North Africa's bounty. When de Gaulle's planned for Algerian independence in an effort to end the war, Soustelle's cohorts plotted to buy him. Machine gun fire sprayed de Gaulle's car in August 1963, but he and his wife escaped. The OAS quickly fell out of favour in mainland France, and most members either fled to Argentina or were jailed.

Some of those associated with the OAS, however, still hold political sway. Jean-Marie Le Pen, the far-right National Front leader who won an astonishing number of votes in France's 2002 presidential election, served in 1965 as campaign manager for Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancourt, former chief attorney for the OAS leaders.

The French are still sore about it. *Mémoires* director Jean-François Babel and screenwriter Adel Bouid Dabé were 'lovely wary' of talking about politics in 80s France, and refused to be interviewed.



France wasn't the only country where the lines between state business and organised crime were becoming blurred. Across a few borders in Italy, the relationship was even darker.

In 1968, a bank in Milan a Piazza Fontana was blown to smithereens. The authorities jumped on the chance to point the finger at left-wingers, but the people who lit the fuse were never found. Many suspect that it was the work of neo-fascists.

As communism gained popularity, to stop people from voting Red the authorities blamed left-wing terrorists for the blast in a deft and a strategy to lessen tension – giving birth to one of the most notorious terrorist organisations in Italy's history, the *Brigate Rosse*.

According to Andrew Gumbel of the independent newspaper, "The Red Brigades and other violent leftist groups emerged as a reaction to right-wing terrorism, and to the state's cock-headed attempts to blame the early beatings on left-wing anarchists." Between 1969 and 1981, the Red Brigades got to work robbing banks, blowing up railway stations and killing dozens of policemen, magistrates and journalists. As the pool of blood deepened, other political groups began to manipulate BR violence for their own ends.

In 1978, the BR kidnapped and murdered Christian Democrat leader Aldo Moro, who was trying to extend the government's parliamentary majority through a compromise with the Italian Communist Party. Dressed A-Tan style in Alitalia air force uniforms, a team of Brigade secrets ambushed Moro in Rome, lifted five of his bodyguards and took him hostage. Unhappy with the whole communist alliance idea in the first place, the Christian Democrats did not exactly tell over themselves to negotiate Moro's release, and after 54 days he was shot and dumped in the back of a Renault parked next to a Roman amphitheatre.

But the plot was a hell of a lot soper than that. Both Moscow and Washington opposed Moro's release, and according to Moro's friend, a journalist who was shot a year later, Moro kidnapping had been carried out by a "solid superpower". Giovanni Fasanella, who co-wrote a book on the Moro case, told *The Guardian*, "Moro was killed because he had revealed state secrets [which held captive] and could have revealed others. West and East were in agreement, because his policy was disturbing to both sides!"

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Pasarelli thinks that *Gladio*, the secret US/UK-sponsored post-war army tasked with thwarting the communists in Italy, pulled the trigger. Whoever was responsible, it's clear that the relationship between the Red Brigades and the Italian state was not your typical cops and robbers affair.



Cold War Italy was a conspiracy theorist's wet dream, but the rapid defection across the water in the Balkans into state-sanctioned organized crime after 1989 does not read unambiguously.

As the Berlin Wall came down and the Soviet Union collapsed, so too did the Balkans. Assets previously controlled by the state went up for grabs, while war ravaged the region for a decade, giving rise to a new, far grander brand of European organized crime.

Unlike the terrorist groups in post-World War II France and Italy, rusty pieces of war in the Balkans had no ideological drive, was a yawning hunger for cash. As Misha Glenny, former BBC correspondent in the region and author of *Mohawk*, explains: "As a consequence of war, [economic] sanctions [imposed by the West] and corruption in the Balkans during the last half of the 1980s, the states of the former Yugoslavia turned to and nurtured mafias to run the logistics of their military effort, and it was not long before criminals were in control of the economy, the government and the war. Anyone with any serious political ambition had no choice but to get mobbed up."

Ignored as by the '80s get-rich-quick culture and speeding globalization, a new capitalist class in the Balkans and former Soviet Union set about establishing a hierarchy among themselves. This was not played out over tea and chocolate.

There was an initial, bloody struggle to grab hold of major assets in the Balkans, says Glenny. Once that initial bloodletting was over, a few big winners went on to reconfigure their position by making the state responsible for their security. They spent a huge amount of their loot on private protection from the police and other racketeers, and used the rest of it to make even more money.

Very quickly the Balkans became a vast transit zone for all things dodgy from the Bulgarians, Romanians or Macedonian borders over into Austria, Italy and beyond. Paramilitary groups and the big asset-grabbing winners, or oligarchs, linked up with criminal bosses from all over the world to bring raw powder, slag, prostitutes and cheap oligarchs into Europe.

And even though the different ethnic factions in the region were fighting a tremendous war on the front lines, they worked well together smuggling their goods to end up in cash flows like the UK. "They were paid handsomely for their role in the national causes," says Glenny. In between slaughtering scores of Kosovo Albanians, *Zeljko Razuvajevic*, better known as Arkan, had a sideline in smuggling heroin with the help of some of the very people that he was supposed to murder.

Anyone with any power was up to their neck in it, especially the countries' leaders. During the '90s, Macedonia's economy was propped up by the illegal cigarette trade, controlled by the secret services and its president, *Milo Djukanovic*. By charging a tithe on all cigarettes bought wholesale from factories in America and routed via Macedonia to Italy, Djukanovic claims to have made \$20 million a year.

But the cigarette mafia did not get off lightly just because they had the president's endorsement. Still competition had to keep war-torn across the Balkans in 2000, and those involved related dropping like flies. "He in the Balkans tend to be very carefully targeted," says Glenny. "Associations of key opponents are usually associated with a struggle around a particular commodity, which are close with the cigarette trade. It usually means very bloody, but you didn't get ordinary people knocked off in the street in the same line."



Back in the former USSR, the scope for making obscene amounts of cash was just as much blowing. Under what seemed like a perpetually drunk Boris Yeltsin, the price of many commodities in Russia was deregulated, but oil and gas were not. A few shrewd ones made a killing selling subsidized energy on the European market at global prices. Other assets formerly under state control were also scooped up and turned into gold overnight.

"The state, particularly the judiciary, was unable to deal with the mechanization of a market economy," says Glenny. "It simply couldn't do it. It was completely overloaded and gridlocked, so parking had to be protected."

As the oligarchs got richer, they demanded more protection, and private militias became bigger and bolder. The number of hits was dropping and Moscow turned into a blood-soaked Wild East. "Oligarchs' reputations are immediately erased," remarks Glenny. In their greedy parties, society cited women are more decorative than the furniture. "Although I have never been to a party where everyone started taking their clothes off and fucking," he says, "I really felt that people were about to take off their clothes and start fucking at any moment."

Security at these Moscow soirées was as sluggish as you'd imagine. "There are all these guests standing around while those you can't see because they're so tall, and you can't see round them because they're so wide. If you pass them off they'll squeeze you like that," he says, squeezing an emergency hand between his hands, "but if you don't pass them off, they're fine. They're not there to draw attention to themselves."

And that's why the list of currencies to buy half price rolling tobacco, coke out with crop asper, or dodge DVDs without feeling guilty. The economic and social fallout isn't visible from our living rooms or on our street corners. It's not in the interest of these global mafias to start checking each other in their own shop windows.

The close of supply and demand in illicit goods is simple enough, as is the reason why some states collude with it. As Glenny concludes: "There are still as many organized crime operations in places like Italy because these states have never been mature and developed enough to catch the darkness and discontent that gives rise to organized crime. It really isn't rocket science." ☹

Mafia's Dirty Work Done is published by Vintage and is available now for \$10.99 hard & £4.99pb paper.

SIN NOAH BRE

REXUS

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FILM OF THE MONTH
EAGLE AND CONTOUR



IN CINEMAS FROM FRIDAY AUGUST 14

So, comrades, we should start with money. Cash, dollars, dough, greenbacks, queen's heads, pennies, lire, francs, marks. You want it, right?

How dare you? Money is a blight on this world. A token of the capitalist system we must overthrow to create a new socialist utopia.

That's quite a mission. Sounds like you need some intellectual guidance. Who do you turn to?

The great Karl Marx, of course.

Marx? Interesting. You've read *The Communist Manifesto*?

It's my all-time favorite. I have two copies: one for making notes, one for display purposes.

Bob Dylan, huh? He was so right on about everything.

Money? Right now, I'm more concerned about the liberation of my people.

Your people? Sounds funny. What's up?

We are being oppressed by our oppressors. They owe us shame or pity! We must fight them on the streets.

The bastard! Who are those reporters?

It's the state of Israel. We had a fight a few years ago and they will not give us our land back!

The *Algerian Liberation Organisation* are going to be right on your street.

The French *Algeria* is overrun with politicians and Charlie Thonet records. I hate Charlie Thonet! They must leave.

So English speakers, eh? We don't want to be a part of Canada, fuck today! Fuck the Montreal!

You need to get involved with the *Algerian Front de Liberation National*.

As a committed supporter of Quebec sovereignty, the *Front de Liberation du Quebec* voted the best type of revolution.

ONE DAY IN SEPTEMBER (1995)
Kevin Macdonald relays the hostage saga at the 1972 Munich Olympics, where Palestinian terrorists, Black September, took 11 Israeli athletes hostage.

THE BATTLE OF ALGERIA (1994)
Gila Ponomareva's masterpiece explores the eight-year Algerian war of independence with France.

RENOUVEAU BRUNO (1994)
The rip-roaring last half of the biopic of French politician Jacques Martin charts his involvement with French-Canadian terrorist group the FLQ.

THE BLADES (1990)
The film captures the day and night of the most prominent terrorist group in post-war Germany in all its glacial.

GOOD MORNING, NIGHT (1991)
This Italian film is based on the final Al Qaeda's 1978 kidnapping and murder of politician Aldo Moro.

THE FIRST ONE, ONE PART TWO (1998)
Soderbergh's epic two-part biopic of Ernesto 'Che' Guevara charts his success in the Cuban revolution and his ill-fated failure in Bolivia.

THE WEATHER UNDERGROUND (1987)
Sean Green's film tells the story of America's violent left wing radicals, the Weathermen, who wanted to bring the Vietnam War home through the bombing of government buildings.

Reading? There's no time for that. The revolution needs books, knives and Marlene lights. And guns, lots of guns!

Don't let anyone blame the world for its role with Germany's Red Army Faction.

We need to kill a few politicians and do a bit of kidnapping. This revolution needs some serious cash, comrades? What's Aldo Moro's address?

Dawg? The cat's naptime on the news for you.

Hold up! You need to check in with the 15th of July Movement, now!

For real? There are a couple for sure. You might like some dates called The Weathermen.

Okay. So what are you going to do now?

Mira La Revolucion! I will form a guerrilla army and fight them pigs in their backyard. Next stop, Cuba!

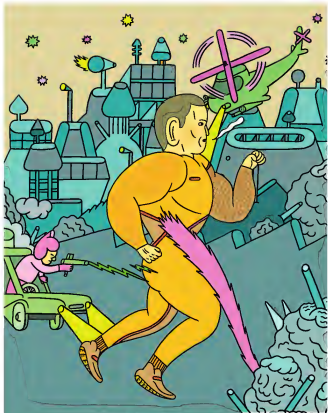


YOU SAY YOU WANT A REVOLUTION?

THE WORLD IS A TERRIBLE PLACE AND IT MAKES YOU ANGRY. RIGHT? REAL ANGRY. BUT YOU CAN FIGHT THE MAN. GET YOURSELF VOTING. IF THAT SHARED ANYTHING, YOU'D APPLAUD IT! NOT REVOLUTION! THERE'S PLenty OF PEOPLE WHO CAN HELP YOU IN YOUR FIGHT. LOCKRILY, WE'RE HERE TO HELP FIND THE RIGHT GUNS FOR YOU. WORDS BY LO ARDRENS

GREAT ESCAPES

INSPIRED BY JACQUES MESRINE'S PRISON-BREAKING ESCAPADES, EW.COM COMMISSIONED FIVE ARTISTS TO REIMAGINE SOME OF CINEMA'S CLASSIC ESCAPOLOGISTS.



THE BURNING MAN [JON BRAN](#)



LEON ANDY PETER



DUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID [LEARNED BY SWALLOW](#)



THE TRUMAN SHOW **MATT TAYLOR**



THE REEN HUNTER **AMY BROWN**



IF: I LIE: 2 JERRY FOR THE: CD NI LEBIL. UPE: S;

IN 1980, THE FRENCH HARD ROCK BAND TRUST RELEASED AN ALBUM WHOSE LYRICS HELPED TRANSFORM JACQUES MESSINE FROM PUBLIC ENEMY TO NATIONAL ICON. LEAD SINGER BERNIE BONVOISIN RECALLS HOW IT HAPPENED. WORDS BY MATT BOCHENSKI

Even before his death, the process of exalting Jacques Messine into French popular legend had begun. As unlikely as it can be, he may have seemed, he embodied a kind of Revolution: a man who, allied with his propensity for kidnapping wealthy industrialists, elevated him to hero status among France's disenfranchised masses. When the government pumped his bullet-riddled body on national television, they only seemed to quicken Messine's transformation from menace to Messiah.

Scarcely 12 months after his murder in 1979, the impact of Messine's life and death was manifest in the lyrics of French hard rock band Trust. Founded in 1977 by Bernie Bonvoisin, Hans Knif, Ray Mene and Jeanmi Heneil, Trust were an early post-punk outfit whose provocative 1980 album, *Revolucion*, attacked the French state for harbouring Apostolic Knights, and accused the Soviet Union of inspiring political dissidents in psychiatric hospitals.

But two songs in particular, "Trust Not De-

Ment" and "Le Miroir," caused a sensation by directly referencing the recently deceased Messine. "Trust Not De Ment" is a savage, scabrous-tongued denunciation of the policemen who killed Messine at Porte de Clignancourt on the outskirts of Paris, and the politicised penal system — "Kingdom of beatings" — used to suppress a free-thinking generation. "Le Miroir" ("The Copier") is a more focused, but no less bitter reconstruction of Messine's life in the infamous Fleury-Mérogis prison — "Inhuman, amoral, without any conscience."

Speaking from Paris, Bernie Bonvoisin believes that Trust simply reflected the energy of the times: "I've never been involved in a political party, but I've always watched the world around me and tried to understand it. I'm from a working-class family and my parents gave their lives for the country — that was a lesson at life."

Back then, he knew Messine as an enigmatic symbol of opposition — the live bait, the young dream of rock 'n' roll taken to its ultimate escalation. "He was alone," says Bonvoisin. "The man was particular, his story was particular

That's what motivated me to write about him."

Today, Bonvoisin is close friends with Messine's daughter, and still believes that the gangster was "a victim of his image and of the media, and nothing else." His view of the government that ordered his death is scathing: "Like many countries in Europe, we don't have anything to be proud of in our past. France was a colonialist country. Our memories are filled by shame and blood. Today, we're gonna pay for that."

As for Messine's legacy, and Trust's, Bonvoisin is more equivocal. He thinks the political energy that propelled them when they were young is now more diffuse. "For the kids today, Messine is just some character in a movie," he says. "They are angry, but in a different way; they are angry alone, not collectively. They think more for themselves than for others, and this is a big problem. I think it's essential today to be involved in what's going on," he continues. "In Europe, in France, in the world, it's important to have a position, a place, an idea. The most important thing is what you are, not what you have." 

LE MITARD

YES, MADAME!

HE TURNS, HE TURNS, IN THOUSANDS OF STEPS
WHICH LEAD NOWHERE.
IN A CONCRETE WORLD WITH TREES OF RARE,
FLOWERS OF DESPAIR,
INHUMAN, SHRUNK, WITHOUT ANY TOMORROW,
HIS SUSTENANCE IS SLID UNDER A GRILLE IN THE GROUND
AND THE WATER TO QUENCH HIS THIRST IN A ROWL.
HE IS ALONE... WITHOUT SUN
AND NO LONGER EVEN HAS HIS OWN SHADOW.

UNFAITHFUL COMPANION, SHE'S GONE AWAY,
REFUSING TO BE A SLAVE TO THIS LIVING DEAD-ROB.
HE TURNS... HE TURNS, AND HE'LL ALWAYS TURN,
UNTIL THE DAY WHEN, LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL,
AFTER GIVING A SINGLE MOAN,
HE WILL FALL TO THE GROUND AND LET HIMSELF DIE.

FLEURY-MÉRDOIS...

ONE DAY IN SEPTEMBER 1976
WHERE I WOULD EXIST SO LITTLE
THAT I WOULDN'T EVEN BE 'MÉRDOS'.
MÉSRIE.

FLEURY-MÉRDOIS...

ONE DAY IN SEPTEMBER 1976
WHERE I WOULD EXIST SO LITTLE.
MÉSRIE.

I SEE YOU SHED A TEAR,
WHY ARE YOU SO SAD?
POOR DDD! YOU SAY TO ME
THERE IS AN ERROR.
HE'S A MAN, MADAME,
HE IS IMPRISONED.

IT'S HE WHO YOUR PEERS HAVE CONDEMNED SO WELL,
IN RENDERING JUSTICE, IN THE NAME OF FREEDOM,

FLEURY-MÉRDOIS...

ONE DAY IN SEPTEMBER 1976
WHERE I WOULD EXIST SO LITTLE
THAT I WOULDN'T EVEN BE 'MÉRDOS'.
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HE WILL FALL TO THE GROUND AND LET HIMSELF DIE.
MÉSRIE.

TRANSLATION BY FRANCESCA IVEY

**"CRACKLING WITH WIT AND WISDOM,
IT'S THE REAL DEVIL WEARS PRADA"**

EASY LIVING

FASHION IS A RELIGION.
THIS IS THE BIBLE.

A FILM BY R.J. CUTLER

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

ANNA WINTOUR & THE MAKING OF VOGUE



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AMERICA'S



MOST



WANTED





THE FBI'S LIST OF PUBLIC ENEMIES IS MORE THAN JUST A SEMINAL LAW ENFORCEMENT TOOL - IT'S A WINDOW INTO A CONSTANTLY EVOLVING SOCIETY. WORDS BY ADAM LEE RAYNES

Crime and criminals have always fascinated the American public, from the gunfingers of the Wild West to the drug trade of the '60s, from the glamour of the Mafia to the mental anguish of serial killers like Ted Bundy. Whether or not you subscribe to the shop-worn adage that a society gets the criminals that it deserves, evil-doers, rebels, queens and the rest of the class are central to the entrepreneurial spirit of America, while the extraordinary developments and changing pace of the American twentieth century created crimes and criminals that were undeniably shaped by their place and time.

Since 1906 it has been the task of the FBI to investigate and apprehend these men and women. Originally born out of the need to regulate interstate commerce, the Bureau soon became America's national police force, with the jurisdiction to cross city, county and state lines while pursuing its remit to investigate violations of Federal law (later, under the direction of J. Edgar Hoover, expanded to include anything down all manner of back-alley, backlogs and jail houses). Though hardly without its critics over the years, the FBI has had remarkable success in capturing the felons and fugitives that have shaped the nature of "Public Enemy" as, later, made their "Ten Most Wanted" list: men and women who stole their names to an often eerie degree.

**'ABOUT THE TIME WE CAN MAKE THE ENDS MEET, SOMEBODY MOVES THE ENDS'
HERBERT HOOVER, US PRESIDENT, 1929-33**

The twentieth century brought with it a new kind of criminal. The gangs of the Wild West were succeeded lastly by gangs of a far more organized nature, while the advent of the modern meant that even the old school criminals that remained were far more mobile. Michael Witrich, Associate Professor of History at Brandon University, explores the public appeal of this new element: "In 1930, the Chicago Crime Commission published a list of the city's Public Enemies. Journalists, already fascinated with Chicago's gang problem, quickly adopted the term as their own, coining 'Public Enemy Number One'. The second antithesis, which really took off in the Depression, was the 'Public Enemy Number Two', Charles 'Slimy' Ray. 'Slimy' was marketed in song as a sort of popstar bandit: John Dillinger and Bonnie and Clyde."

The Great Depression of the '30s saw banks foreclosing on mortgages left and right, so when destitute farmers and homeowners read reports of bank-robbing robbers stealing up the very same banks and busting the law with daring prison escapes - such as the surely apocryphal tale of John Dillinger busting out of the post armed with a false gun fashioned from a bar of soap - they roared for them, as if they were later-day Robin Hoods.

Al Capone was patently no Robin Hood, but Dr Laura Cook Kenna, Professor of American Studies at George Washington University, argues he was an aspirational figure within his own community: "Coverage of Capone tended to contrast to his over-the-top style of dress. You could read this detail as mere irony. You could also read such descriptions as reminders of Capone's lowliness, immigrant background, or you could read about these silk suits and think, 'Now this guy... This guy knows how to let I hope someday I make it big myself and can show it all to the world put the lie to it'."

Dillinger eventually went down in a hail of bullets, while Capone was released for tax evasion and spent away in Alaska. Prohibition was repealed, the Great Depression was over and the days of the gun-blasting gangster had passed. The word went to war. **F**



***"IT WAS A NERVOUS, DOWNHILL FEELING, A MEAN
KIND OF ANGST THAT ALWAYS COMES OUT OF WARS
HUNTER S THOMPSON, NELL'S ANGELS***

Long-time FBI clincher and shrewdness publicity writer J. Edgar Hoover compiled of the Ten Most Wanted list in 1935. The first men to make the list were as much a product of their times as the gangsters of the '30s had been.

Many soldiers who returned from World War I brought into the new prosperity found by Madison Avenue and enjoyed the easy living of suburban life. Others, however, didn't re-assimilate quite as well, and despite such colourful shenanigans as disguising themselves their Wife, The Aster, Butler and Frank Spence - who stole his getaway in a helicopter - the reports on the Fast Tag Ten list of twilight fees, tied in cheap morning hours, and of brutal, drunken arguments in swamy neon red-tape straight out of a James M. Cain novel. In his book *Hoover's FBI*, the film and the 1960s, former FBI agent William Turner accused the Bureau of creating public enemies from an array of cheap thugs, barroom brawlers, psychopathic rapists, wife-beaters and alcoholics who drew much needed attention away from what Turner saw as the true menace to society - organized crime.

Whatever the reasons behind Hoover's refusal to acknowledge organized crime - and the idea that the Mafia were dominating has ever been usually denied (or entirely discounted) - the fact remains that there were no Mafia figures on the Most Wanted list until the late '50s. Gary Maters, syndicate reporter and author of books on Dillinger and the FBI, offers a more prosaic possibility: "The FBI's Top Ten list is designed to track down wanted alone on the list. Organized crime figures are highly protected and rarely run because they have no power, connections, or income outside the criminal but lucrative territory they rule."

***"WE'VE GOT THE BEGINNINGS HERE OF AN OUTRIGHT REVOLUTION"
WARREN P. KNORLES, GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN, 1966-71***

If the '50s was a period of readjustment in America then the '60s demanded wholesale change. The Most Wanted list still found room for lawlessness like John William Clausen - the "Florida Fan" who was described as a "braggart, blarney boy and auditor, and wanted for the seemingly bizarre crime of kidnapping two Florida theatre managers. Then there was notorious brentsville Leslie Douglas Ashby, who was picked up while working the service circuit as Beta the Clown. But in such a politically charged period it was inevitable that activists and revolutionaries were the main targets. "The FBI's Ten Most Wanted list has, unfortunately, been highly politicized over the years," because Maters. "It too often reflects the political ideologies of the administration in power. This was especially true in the '60s when the list was stocked with anti-war demonstrators, Black Power rebels and anti-government student groups like The Weather Underground."

There were different kinds of figures, with a good deal more moral stigma than the proles the FBI were used to. This led to some tension before on the Bureau's part - which often justified. The FBI was viewed as a bunch of square, ferbly un-hip government jackboots, nips and snitches who were out of tune with the pulse of the day, contends Maters. "Some of those listed, like Black Panther Angela Davis, became heroes to a large percentage of the population. Being on 'The Most' list was a badge of honour."

Heidi Alderson-Jones, Professor of American History at Loughborough University, and author of the FBI. A History, disputes Maters only on timing. As he declares it, "The American public had a favourable image of the FBI right up until Watergate in the '70s. In the '60s the Bureau targeted protesters in spite of their outstanding achievement - Martin Luther King, for example, and protesters against the Vietnam War. The public did not learn about the FBI's questionable side until the '70s. At that point, it fell from grace."



**"IN A REAL-DARK RIGHT OF THE SOUL, IT IS ALWAYS
THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, DAY AFTER DAY."
F.Y. SCOTT FITZGERALD, THE CRACK UP**

With Hoover's death in 1972 coinciding with the release of popculture leviathan *The Godfather*, one might imagine that the Mob would at last be on the agenda, but although the FBI now acknowledged the existence of organized crime, without the strength of Hoover's personality behind them, it would be years before they began to make inroads into the Mafia.

The Bureau's most notable cases during the '70s and early '80s could, perhaps, be said to centre on serial killers. Christopher Wilder, for example, was a high-fing professional riding driver who went on a killing rampage over eight states before being shot dead by a New Hampshire state trooper who had recognized him from a Most Wanted poster. Ted Bundy murdered at least 30 women and twice escaped from prison between 1974 and 1978, and was eventually executed in 1989 after being apprehended while on the list. In an interview given the night before his death, Bundy said, "There are lobes in the brain, and their corruptive people like me today, whose dangerous impulses are being fuelled day in, day out, by violence in the media... particularly sexual violence."

Dr Chuck Kerma - who specialises in crime and the media - has long pondered whether the media could in any way be to blame for such terrible crimes. "Maybe the question is not so much whether media violence shaped a particular generation of killers but, rather, how mass media shape our perceptions of violence," she says. "In the US, the sheer presence even of criminals lurking everywhere resonated particularly well with the growing anxiety that threatening lobes were at work in a cynical press of life."

But Bundy was all too real. "It's not that serial killers weren't actually out there doing heinous things," she agrees, "but I'm suggesting that the particular ways that '70s America perceived serial killers and their crimes were shaped by their understanding of what kind of world they lived in, one where threats were increasingly hideous and abundant."

**"THEY ARE AFTER OUR WAY OF LIFE,
AND WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH THEM."
CONDOLEEZZA RICE, US SECRETARY OF STATE, 2005-08**

While the "War on Drugs" that reached its peak in the '80s and '90s was a huge - if only intermittently successful - operation, it never fell into the purview of the Drug Enforcement Administration. This period instead saw the FBI very much involved in combating other enemies, both domestic and foreign. "The Soviet diaspora Bill Clinton saw as a rash of conservative rebels to the left," notes Gary Miners. "Anti-abortionists, extremists, white supremacists and then it was now Most Wanted."

Terrorism was also very high on the agenda, with Abdelbasset Al Megrahi leading the list in 1990 for the bombing of an American airplane over Lockerbie, while Ramzi Yousef - nephew of the 9/11 mastermind Khalid Sheikh Mohammed - was listed for the 1989 World Trade Center bombing. Both were subsequently caught and sentenced.

The FBI has not always met with such success when it comes to terrorist activity. As Professor Jeffrey-James explains, "Federal investigations into 9/11 were critical of the FBI's performance against terrorism. They charged that the Bureau had not been abreast of terrorist escalation. Since then, federal agencies, scholars and legislators have demanded that the FBI step up its intelligence performance, and the Bureau has directed resources to that end."

This is the legacy of the controversial Patriot Act, passed in October 2001, which many claim violates the Fourth Amendment to the Bill of Rights. It gives the FBI much greater authority to gather intelligence in pretty much any manner that it sees fit. With such resources, why bother with, say, a Most Wanted poster of Osama bin Laden - on the list since 1999 for the bombing of US embassies in Tanzania and the Yemen - in every Post Office in America? "Over five years, the public have responded to the Ten Most Wanted list, submitting information that led to arrests," says Jeffrey-James. "Consequently, this could happen in the case of bin Laden."

"The criminals that populated the Most Wanted list have always mirrored society," says Maters, "from the bank robbers of the '30s to the anti-war radicals of the '60s, from the drug lordings of the '70s and '80s to the serialists of today, nearly 500 of those criminals have been sought since the list's inception in 1940. Of those, more than 400 have been located." And for all the mistakes and misadventure that have attended it, Maters has no doubt as to the list's overall efficacy. "For more than a half century," he says, "the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list has served as one of the strongest law enforcement tools ever invented." ☺

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THE DESERT OF THE REAL

FOLLOWING THE RELEASE OF *JFK* IN 1991, NORMAN MAILER NOTED THAT FILM HAS THE POWER TO MAKE 'NEW HISTORY.' WITH MULTIPLEXES OVERTAKEN THIS SUMMER BY STORIES BORROWING FROM THE REAL LIVES OF JACQUES MESRINE AND GIGI CHANEL, PHILLIP K. DICK, 1960s POP, BENAZIR BHUTTO AND JOHN DILLINGER, WE ASK ONE SIMPLE QUESTION: WHAT COUNTS FOR TRUTH IN CINEMA? WORDS BY KINGSLEY MARSHALL

Following the recent success of *Jack* and *Rounders*, the popularity of the filmed biopic with both producers and audiences shows no sign of abating, with over 20 movies in production based on the lives of real people. This is far from a recent development, however, with reconstructions of real life having long fed the insatiable fires of Hollywood. In the course of his research for a book on history and celebrity, the critic George Clinton observed a commonality across over a hundred film biographies that had been shot between 1927 and 1960. In every single example, the lives being portrayed on the screen featured narratives that chased triumph over adversity. Whether this adversity was born from childhood trauma, personal relationships, substance abuse, marriage difficulties or a conquest of bigotry, much of the films he looked at – whose subjects included everyone from Joan of Arc to Al Jolson – traced the development, achievement and decline of their protagonist to one event: a singularity of history.

In his study of historical film, Mark Gervais noted that "Hollywood history equates because it is so inherently ambiguous, so devoid of intrinsic complexity." That is an observation as true to *Gladiator*, *Drivel* or *Crash* as recent portrayals of Jewish resistance in the eastern provinces of Poland during World War II, as it is to Stephen Soderbergh's epic double-header *Glory*. As Martin Hughes-Warrington observed: "Menstruum film is characterized as offering a closed, completed and again past." History has to be simplified, with familiar themes and happy endings utilized in order to re-cast multi-faceted lives into an easily digested narrative.



This codification has the power to disseminate entire new myths of figures and events some distance from history and, perhaps more surprisingly, serve to reconstruct their subjects' identity entirely. This is the point where the private and public lives of celebrities cross-pollinate, and life and performance blur. On the release of *Jim*, in which Ewan McGregor plays James Dean, the press kept it in the film as sub-biography. Representation had it.



become interchangeable with reality. This understanding has been cemented by that veritable stamp of cinematic authenticity, the Academy Award, drawn to the basic pair after year like mother to a flame — from *Shogun* Special's Loretta Lynn in *Coal Miner's Daughter* to Jacques Phœnix as Johnny Cash in *Walk the Line* and, more recently, *Muse* Cobble as Edith Piaf in *La Vie En Rose*.

But *King*'s performance as Jay Gatsby's Joe Cottle in *Control* endorsed the importance of this perceived authenticity to audiences. This cross-coded black-and-white cinematography was intended to reflect both the period and the spirit of the band, while the issues within the film was notably played by the actors rather than referring to original recordings. Despite all of this, the band's Stephen Marley commented to the *NME* after the film's premiere that "none of it's true, really."

"The great thing about a biography is that you can't escape the facts," explains Nick Marley, who brought the story of British record producer Joe Meek first to the stage, and has adapted the work to the screen in the recently released *Telstar*. "The history of our country is full of amazing stories from incredible characters. So many truly great British movies tend to be biographies, from *Lovesick of Aisha* to *Elizabeth*, that I think fiction should be a last resort for us — let the Americans do that, they're great at making stuff up."

The film starts Meek's descent from his revolutionary work in the recording studio to the tragic decline of drug addiction and paranoia that eventually resulted in the murder of his kindly, Violet Shenton, and he goes on to say: "The best way to pick apart the spirit was through the work." Marley explains, detailing the process of writing the script: "I like to think we got close to what happened in the last moments of Joe and Violet's life. Obviously no one really knows what happened, but we had the facts, the state of mind, and we knew the soundtrack. If you go through the songs, it becomes clear what was going on in the life and in his head, especially if you look at what was going on in the world outside the belt. His character seemed to permeate every aspect of his life, and his homosexuality was something that affected his every decision. The Meek story is totally unique, stranger than fiction, and has all of those timeless themes of Shakespearean tragedy: love, loss and the fall of a king."





A similarly epic journey is charted in *Frost/Nixon*. Ron Howard, no stranger to historical film having directed *Agatha* (3), brought the historical legacy of Richard Nixon firmly back into the realm of popular culture, much as David Frost's televised interview – on which Peter Morgan's stage production and adapted screenplay were based – had done on their initial broadcast 30 years earlier. As with Gus Van Sant's *Milk*, which kept from contemporary footage from the '70s to Brian Panik's parody of the titular character, Howard's film outlines the complex relationship with past and present very early by blending historical record with apocryphal conjecture in its opening few minutes, with historical footage mixed in with documentary and news archive together with audio recordings taken from the original White House taping system. David Edelstein noted in an article for *New York Magazine* that Morgan's script elevated the interview into "a momentous event in the history of politics and media," and Howard's film worked hard to embellish the events with lens of dramatic delusion which both ramped up the tension and the very significance of the interview themselves.

An entirely fictional scene, where Nixon telephones Frost in the middle of the night, was crucial in its foreboding of Nixon's admission in his first interview. The scene had a status of truth, seeded from the many late night telephone calls Nixon made during his career, but the call set uncomfortably in the film as a whole. It borrowed its confound, Dutch-angled aesthetic from Oliver Stone's earlier biopic, *Nixon*, and the conversation served to reinforce the cinematic reality of Nixon, making the suggestion that he was dependent on drink and drugs, while casting doubt about his memory and integrity. George Clinton has suggested that the biopic serves as an accessible version of history satisfying an audience's desire for "a basic code of values", and that films which recount historical events make an assertion of truth, as

assertion that has the power to become embedded in popular culture. The vision of Nixon – coward and liar, rather than thoroughly rational and acting criminally – is elevated and concurred by Frost/Nixon.

In a striking slip of its own self-referentiality, *Seven Minutes*, who plays Frost adviser Jim Reston (in whose book both play and film were loosely based) observes in the closing scene that television simplifies, and film simplifies even further, and suggests that the very failings of Frost's original interview would not only be forgotten, but cease to exist. Much to the despair of historians, film has taken the place of folklore, noting that the shared experience of the past represented in cinema is constantly in flux and, more often than not, sets in opposition to history.



Stone's account in *Nixon* attempted to exempt itself from the critical scrutiny which had been applied to JFK, inserting a disclaimer in the film that the film makers "are attempting to understand the truth based on numerous public sources and on an incomplete historical record", making much of the missing minutes of the Whitehouse tapes. Jean-François Richet does the same in *Machiavelli*, much part of which agree with a single title that acknowledges, "All films are part fiction. No film can faithfully reproduce the complexity of a human life. To seek its own point of view."

Yet the great danger of the historical film is perhaps best expressed by the master of the form. In an interview with *Newsweek*, James Cameron stated his hope for *Titanic*: "Whatever we make will become the truth, the visual reality that a generation will accept." ●

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BROKEN EMBRACES

BROKEN EMBRACES
Paz de la Huerta

HEARD OF
A BIRD? Paz de la Huerta



Pedro Almodóvar is a filmmaker of two halves: master of baroque-super camp, notoriously broad-humored face (*Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*) versus the deeply sympathetic, melancholomaniac of stylishly dark emotional mysteries (*Madrigal and Red Ties*). For his films seem to emanate most powerfully when he hits on the alchemical concoction of these two tones, as in *Talk to Her* and *All About My Mother*.

After watching his latest *Broken Embraces*, it is no surprise to hear it was originally inspired by a series of images Almodóvar had been suffering. The product of a fractured, fevered film imagination, a certainty is. Following an excellent opening scene in which blind screenwriter Harry Geste (Luis Homs) employs mad morning tea with an obdurate young stranger he picked up off the street, the viewer is drenched across a network of looking, narrative paths and again, through a kaleidoscope of glowing cinematic references (including more than a few glossy nods to the director's own back catalog).

In a parable recalling that of *Red Ties*, Geste — a socially paralytic adopted after the mysterious accident which left him blind and caused him to assume his former identity as filmmaker Mateo Blanco — is prompted into Hitchcockian reflection on his personal biography by a visit from the daffy looking Ray K. (Rubén Ochandiano) (oh, unsurprisingly not his real name, it is all as ridiculous as it sounds) who seems to make a film with him about the recently deceased business mogul, Eusebio Mariel.

Geste's final kick takes us to Penelope Cruz: the jewel in *Broken Embraces*, gloriously opulent crown, who also operates under multiple monikers: by day as Lena, Mariel's humble flk, struggling to pay for her elderly father's spalling medical bills; by night as Séverine, call girl and aspiring actress. Later, after succumbing to Mariel's infatuation with her and resorting to sex with her, she achieves her ambition (and gives a few more speeches, when Mariel sees her actor head in his new movie, *Goth of Suzanna*). A so-

entertaining of Almodóvar's own *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*. It often welcome comes to some of his eldest stars like Cruz-Lempere and brings her now textbook film-within-a-film trope to new heights of self-consciousness.

Cruz's cipher like role sees her less becoming Almodóvar's lurid, glossy-coated lapdog (rather than respected muse. Though here, at least, he flirts with the cleavage and padded derriere of *Vicky's* Sophia Loren homage, to Cruz's chameleon visage. While making for organic reflections of other screenmates from Audrey to Marilyn, this leaves Cruz little room to goop in her role and the viewer as a fan as to where to pool their emotions despite the tragic twist of the multiple narratives (to avoid too much of which would spoil Almodóvar's game). Tellingly, one of the most moving — and visually dazzling — moments in the film is an image of an aging, blind filmmaker looking a giant display of oil-purified black and white oil-lit. A paean to classic cinema and

filmmaking itself, *Broken Embraces* will keep your average cineaste and ardent Almodóvarite entertained playing spot-the-reference. Yet somehow missing both the lush vitality and emotional geometry of his best work, it ultimately begs a reassessment of Pauline Kael's famous description of Almodóvar as 'Godlike with a human face'. To his and his editor's credit, it all holds together extremely nicely, where it would have ended up a splintered mess in less expert hands. Part of the problem is just how well it all hangs together, though. Like an elaborately woven cobweb: it's a marvel but so full of holes that it's all too easily swept from the memory. **Sophia Dean**

Antipodes. They picture his destiny center a new cinematic vision near his to write. **B**

Excerpted. Aerially a top, steadily and explicitly limited but missing Almodóvar's detective heart. **B**

In Antipodes. A very clear and strong note, but not missing. **B**



SIN NOMBRE

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The winner of the *Directing* and *Best Cinematography* awards at the 2006 Sundance Film Festival, *Sin Nombre* is a haunting fusion of road movie, gangster epic and tragic love story. Written and directed by Cary Fukunaga, this visually vibrant debut reflects the filmmaker's firsthand experiences with Central American immigrants seeking the often-tainted promise of new lives and fresh opportunities in the United States.

Seyra (Pharita Gantard), a teenager living in Honduras, dreams for a brighter future. A reunion with her estranged father gives Seyra her only real option—emigrating from her home to Mexico, and then making the perilous journey on to the U.S., where her father has settled with a new family. Meanwhile, Casper (Diego Flores) is a young adult living in Tijuana, Mexico, and facing an uncertain future. A member of the ultra-violent Mara Salvatrucha brotherhood, he has just inducted

a new recruit, 14-year-old Smiley (Kristian Porter), who undergoes a tough initiation. When a conflict between Casper and his cousin, Mara henchman Lil' Mago (Emilio Plazaola), erupts, an abiding bond is set in motion.

Meanwhile, Seyra and her relatives manage to cross over into Mexico, joining countless other immigrants waiting at the Tijuana border yards. When a Smiley-bound freight train arrives, they agonistically clamber atop an oncoming Lil' Mago, who has commandeered Casper and Smiley to carry out violent robberies on the already desperate and afraid human cargo. As day breaks, Lil' Mago makes his move and Casper in turn makes a fateful decision to navigate the psychological gauntlet of his violent existence and the physical one of the treacherous Mara. Seyra allies herself with him as the train journey through the Mexican countryside towards the hope of new lives.

Executive produced by the power boy pair of Diego Luna and

Gael García Bernal for Canana—their production outfit designed to foster emerging Mexican talent and films dealing with Latin American issues—*Sin Nombre* directly evolved from Cary Fukunaga's 2004 *Victoria, Paso Doble*. A multi-award winning short about a trailblazer of immigrants who were found abandoned and abandoned in Victoria, Texas, the production led to extensive research and fresh insights into the Central American saga of immigrants.

Working with a tight lens crew, including Sao Paulo-born cinematographer Adriano Goldswon, Fukunaga traveled to Chiapas and Tijuana, Mexico, and met with gang members—distinguished by their striking body art—who were involved in the immigrant smuggling trade. The result is a harrowing, unrelenting and frequently gutting account of the desperate struggle for survival, and a sobering portrait of the seemingly endless cycle of poverty, violence and

corruption that thrives in the wake of the underclass.

Mildly evocative of classic looms-on-the-run dramas such as *Crash of Monsters* (in *Sin Nombre*, the wanderers of the national world similarly provide a fleeting escape from suffering and hardship), the film also incorporates the latent power of *Alfred Hitchcock's* *Strangers on a Train* and the topicality of the Guillermo Arriaga script *The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada* as well as Anne Boudreaux's thesis for little screen *Los Rastros*. **James Wood**

Anticipation: Took a slightly negative following/fatal success trajectory at Sundance when taken out of the fest slot. **B**

Delusion: Expressing wish to be mindlessly vibrant story that it is and is a mixture of cliché and plot. **D**

To Reshape: Early in the case of the most cut-throat language film of the year opening our eyes to a world of desperate hope and pain. **B**



MOON

THE MAN WITH THE MOON IN HIS EYES
BY JEFF LABRECQUE

BY JEFF LABRECQUE



Here is a true space oddity: a low-key British-funded sci-fi thriller produced by Sam's wife and directed by David Jones's son. Having taken professional cover behind his mother's maiden name, Duncan Jones (christened David Bowie) has earned his shot at feature filmmaking via a splashy career in advertising, where he directed a long-fu action spot for French Connection which, improbably, was every bit as good as it sounds.

Moon is a thoughtful but ingeniously alternate to the brain-dead blockbusters that dominate the summer. With an aesthetic borrowed from Dan O'Bannon's used future, Jones conjures the ghosts – both literal and metaphorical – of *Turk 182* (or perhaps *Sideways*'s glossy version) in the story of a mining contractor whose three-year stint on the moon is nearing an end.

Sam Bell (Sam Rockwell) is an employee of Lunar Industries, a conglomerate that controls the

excavation of ore from the surface of the moon to fulfil the earth's energy needs. This is a convincing landscape of industrial machinery, sweet and loneliness – a knowing reaction to the shiny surfaces of 2001. Indeed, Sam's only companion is a computer, GERTY (Kevin Spacey), whose dispassionate voice is both familiar and sinister.

And yet *Moon* is full of madness. In an atmospheric first act, Jones effectively turns our familiarity with sci-fi clichés to his advantage, as the audience struggles to decode the film's signals. Should we be expecting the techno-fear of 2001? The IT intruder of *Slurp*? The space psychosis of *Scorpio*? This paranoid guessing game induces a creeping sense of cabin fever that makes Sam's own descent into apparent madness, as a series of hallucinations leads him to question his sanity.

Jones has achieved a lot with very little. Clearly made on a shoestring, *Moon* is nevertheless

full of ambition. Though it would have been easier (and cheaper) to confine the action to Sam's quarters, there are numerous excursions to the surface. And though the special effects are more *Starbuckly* than *Star Wars*, Gary Shaw's photography provides a high-class finish, while Jones' glossy direction betrays the early influence of Terry Jones.

If anything, the crates in this particular *Moon* are a result of Nathan Parker's screenplay rather than any technical or financial limitations. A ruler at the halfway mark reveals the dark secret behind Lunar Industries' corporate philosophy, but as the threat to Sam shifts from his sanity to his life, the film loses its ironic psychological menace and replaces it with an external threat that is also necessary to sustain the dramatic tension.

Parker is also guilty of some logical gaffes (Sam's hallucinations are a vision of somebody he could never have met) and pedestrian sci-fi notions. The latter ranges of the

film are benign and unfussy, failing to provide either a serious critique of a corporation untroubled than its moral bearings, or a dramatic narrative with sufficient punch.

As ever, Sam Rockwell is an engaging presence, here balancing his modernist charms with a haunted other ego. But Kevin Spacey is a dull choice as GERTY, a piece of smart cowering that only serves to distance from the hermetic isolation of the rest of the film. Hollywood has crept in through the airlock, but this is a definitely British film. It is one you can be proud of – in madness. Matt Bochenek

delusional. A British film without gung-ho that's not directed by Terry Curtis? We never thought we'd see the day. **B**

Suggest. A film that's better. The fact is an excellent example of how it's better to be a hard judge who doesn't let **B**

is suggested. By no means a masterpiece but it is a hard judge who doesn't let **B**

ADAM



THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

To be truly engaging, romantic comedies must treat a first love between scholastic neophytes and scurvy seniors, something that very few manage successfully. And although writer-director Mike Meyer's first film since 1995's best forgotten *Beetle Juice* doesn't fall heavily on either side, it certainly dips a toe or two in the streams of screwball comedy.

Following the death of his father, Adam (Hugh Dancy) attempts to carry on as normal in the Manhattan apartment he shared with his dad. This is made more difficult by the fact that Adam suffers from Asperger's syndrome, and the pragmatic way in which he handles his emotions often alienates those around him. When he meets new neighbor Beth (Rose Byrne),

however, Adam feels an instant connection and the pair embark on a tentative friendship that blossoms into love. But as Adam attempts to bear the weight of his new feelings while trying to find a job and win the approval of Beth's parents, their relationship comes under threat from the realities of everyday life.

Meyer's screenplay could easily have wandered into *Mosses of the Week* territory, there's nothing so incompetently worthy as portraying someone who is, for whatever reason, a social misfit—let alone one who owns the sympathies

and understanding of a so-called normal person. Fortunately, *Adam* never takes the path of empty sentiment, thanks largely to the strength of its two leads. Dancy and Byrne have enough charm, grace and chemistry to keep the narrative moving apace, and in the right direction.

Praise, especially should go to Dancy for his unaffected performance as Adam, a man suffering from a condition that is still misunderstood. He never allows his character to turn into a victim, and although 90 odd minutes is not nearly long enough to explore the

many emotional and psychological facets of Asperger's, his portrayal is sympathetic enough that Adam remains the focus of the film, rather than a mere sympathetic bystander. **Nikki Bagnall**

Anticipation: Adult: social acceptance and love is the best of all worlds. Score: five (five is a blow to the neck) **1**

Disappoint: The performance of Rose Byrne isn't the best of all worlds. Score: five (five is a blow to the neck) **1**

In Retrospect: If Mike Meyer intends to make a career out of adult life, he failed. If it was to make a suitable bar story his door-day **1**

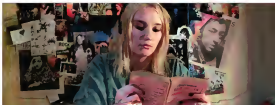


THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE



This unassuming French drama embraces cliché at every turn, relying on simplistic humor, obvious emotional cues and performances straight out of *Alben Square* to tell its story.

Nikki Bagnall's film offers a peek into the lives of a dysfunctional bourgeois family run that consists much of the good work done by *The Road to Emmaus* and more recently *Amant*. Desplacé's wonderful *A Christmas Tale*. We open on a scene in which eldest son Albert (Flo Mentré) goes down the Dorset family dog, resulting in a period of group mourning. He then decides to move into his own flat, much to the chagrin of his mother, the



manicured Marie-Joanne (Gabriel Byrne). Younger sister Fleur (Déborah François) and younger brother Raphaël (Marc André Grondin) are already fighting over who gets his room, while last back porch Robert (Jacques Gamblin) smokes his cigarettes and decides to stick on with his life as a tax driver.

The film is then split into five chapters, each concentrating on a critical moment in the life of a family member. Albert's new life away from the house, Fleur's sexual

displacement, Raphaël's interest in the art gallery, Marie-Joanne's discovery of her daughter's secret life and Albert's health troubles.

Admittedly there are a few nice touches that mostly occur during the moments of quiet contemplation which bookend the stretches of hysterical soap opera. But on the down side, this structure simply allows Bagnall (who also wrote the film) to sweep any texture, subtlety and deeper reflection aside in favor of concentrating on the big, noisy

events, leaving us with a portrait of a family who only appear to experience extreme highs and extreme lows, but beneath live a shut life can be harsh, but dealing with tragedy will make you stronger. A heartening outlook, but hardly original. **Alan Mack**

Anticipation: Quirky French ensemble drama that may have a bit **1**

Disappoint: Originality **1**

In Retrospect: It's not too late **1**

RUMBA



In an age when cinema has become increasingly homogenised, it is a rare thing indeed to find a film that feels quite unlike anything that has come before. While *Bumble* certainly displays a number of influences – from the physical comedy of Jacques Tati to the colourful aesthetic of *Amélie* – it is a wonderfully strange and unique movie that inhabits a little world of its own.

The film's principal director, Dominique Abel and Florent Gordon take the lead roles as two teachers at a country school who harbour a deep love for each other and for Latin dance. Champagne on the dance circuit, their existence is close to perfection. But after crashing their car in an attempt to avoid a suicidal proposition, their lives take

a turn for the worse. Before long, cruel fate and the machinations of an unjust universe have unravelled the world in which they live. Will they ever rediscover paradise?

Bumble throws the audience into a universe in which dialogue is, by and large, redundant. This is a film that celebrates the joy of physicality, from the central characters' love of dance to unmovable set pieces that are a joy to behold. One scene in particular, in which the protagonists charge into their dancing gear while driving their car stands alongside some of the best physical comedy seen in

cinemas for quite some time. And yet, in amongst the note of optimism and wonderment that permeates the film, there is a deliciously dark edge to proceedings that keeps it drowning in melancholia.

There is also something affecting about its personal nature. The fact that Abel and Gordon (as real life couple) play characters named Pierre and Dom suggests a connection to the material that adds an extra level of fascination.

The cinematography is also top-notch, with a lot of colours that slowly turn darker as the situation for our heroes becomes grimmer.

Indeed, it's easy to forget that cinema is primarily a visual language in which the simplest glance can convey a whole world of emotions. From the moments of levity to comedy to the tightly plotted scenes of coincidence, *Bumble* is a reminder of just how powerful a medium it can be. **Lawrence Kayne**

delightful, funny and comical. What more do you need? 1

Engaging, fun and smart and unique twist, with the emotional dark moments. 1

In *Bumble*, it's delight from start to finish. 1



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LARS VON TRIER: CHAOS REIGNS

INTERVIEW BY JONATHAN CROCKER

FILMOGRAPHY LARS VON TRIER

Smiles (1995)
The Boats of Men (1999)
Breaking the Waves (1996)
Idiot's Love (1999)
Denmark Is a Land of Sinners (2000)
The Idiots (1998)
Breaking the Waves (1996)
Idiot's Love (1999)
Denmark Is a Land of Sinners (2000)

He made Nicole Kidman cry. He made Björk hide in the woods and eat her cunt. He wanted John C. Reilly to kill a donkey. Now Lars von Trier is suffering.

After winning Cannes' Technical Prize for his debut, *The Element of Crime*, winning the third-place Jury Prize for *Europa*, the second-place Grand Jury Prize for *Breaking the Waves*, and the gold-medal Palme d'Or for *Denmark Is a Land of Sinners*, the Danish provocateur unleashed his hotly anticipated tenth film on the world's biggest film festival.

And he got booed. Having watched Willem Dafoe and Charlotte Gainsbourg go through hardcore sex, bloody ejaculation, season circumstances, strangulation and – most shocking of all – a biting fox, some audience members began leaving out one-star reviews while others attacked von Trier to his face at the press conference.

Of course, down with von Trier is slightly easier said than done. He's under the sun at the famous Hotel Du Cap, tucked on the clifffront outside the madness of Cannes. As ever, Lars is gently, friendly, funny and disarmingly open. But he grips the arm of his chair gently as we ask about the reaction to *Idiot's Love*. "My reactions are, of course, good," he says, eyes cast down. "But I have felt a hostility that I didn't expect. It's not pleasant when people don't like the things you do. No, know, you come to your mother with a little drawing, she says, 'That's wonderful! It means she loves you.'"

It's funny that von Trier should mention his mother. Women in his film – from Kirsten Dunst in *Amores* to Birge Daas Høved in *Mendacity* – have suffered love and at appalling length. But no one, arguably, has been forced to go through the grinder quite like Gainsbourg. Even Björk didn't have to flip herself off against a tree. "I think I was quite hard for Charlotte, actually," nods von Trier. "She is a very strong person, but this was a decision she made when she read the script. A decision to be there and go all the way. Again, I've been gifted with a very good actress."

Here, exactly, does he find these women? "Well, she was the first one to say 'Yes!' and von Trier, wisely. 'We approached Birge and I think she wanted to do it, but her agents definitely didn't. We waited two months on this. It was ridiculous. I was so mad, because you don't wait two months. And then Charlotte came in and saved everything. It was fantastic."

Ask the filmmaker about the scenes of extreme harassment that had audiences suddenly sitting out during screenings and he has a simple defense. "I think whatever you can imagine, you can shoot," he says. "Otherwise the medium wouldn't make any sense, if there were restrictions to it. If you can think something perverted or cruelly, yes, it's possible to shoot it."

Even a talking fox? "No, but it's more complicated than that," explains von Trier. "The fox comes from these chaotic journeys that I did. You can do them without drugs and without getting on a plane. You have this instinct that takes you into the painful world. And there I talked to his fox and I demanded to have a fox. So, what can I do?"

We're not arguing. Since shooting himself out of his school, the Dane has spent his eye-popping oeuvre attempting a formal rewrite of the cinematic rulebook. He's the most-insouciant master of world cinema, making *Idiot's Love* resemble *Idiot's* (casting Ron Howard's daughter as his latest related heretic in *Mendacity*), directing 100 cameras to capture Gainsbourg in the Dan's musical showstopper), bravely experimenting (swapping sets for a Brechtian chalk floor plan in *Qoyukik*) and casting Gilling a computer-dread *The Boss of It All*.

Von Trier drove everyone crazy along the way. Including himself. Several depressions knocked him for so shortly after finishing – of all things – his comedy, *The Boss of It All*. It left the Dane unsure if he would ever make a film again. More than anything, *Amores* is a deeply autobiographical meditation of von Trier's own dark psychological journey. "The source behind it and all the people that these two characters can go from my own experience," he mulls.

Does he think there's a way out of the woods? "If there's a way out," he ponders, before trailing off. "Of course, that is what is very important. To try to kick yourself and say there's a way out. But I've been trying since I was 16 to find a way out. The only thing I can say to people is, 'Don't be afraid to take pills.'" He laughs. "Yeah. Because I had four very good years on medication. Very good years. But then it stops working, unfortunately."

No wonder von Trier believes this is his most important film. Not for you. For him. "I'm not referring to an audience. I'm just referring to the fact that I made a film without any fear. I wasn't afraid of making ititchard and bad taste and politically incorrect. I think because of this thing, this mental thing, this breakdown I had, it was not important. I suddenly had a few scenes to some of the things that I've experienced before."

Is *Amores* the sum? "No, I don't think so," he admits, again gripping the chairman tightly. "I don't think so. It was very helpful for me. I had to start working, to do something." "Is *Amores* an therapy?" "Yes, because it's almost a religious experience. It's like when you put these things together, the images and the sound, and suddenly things work. It's a fantastic feeling. It's sex, a little bit. Or like being God? "Yeah, I can be God," he laughs. "And in this universe, I'm not afraid."

A full transcript will be available online in the week of the film's release.



ANTICHRIST

WOLF
VON TRIER
DIRECTOR

LENA
VON TRIER
LENA



The first words that appear on screen? Lena von Trier, the real? *'Antichrist'*? The largest mistake you can make with Denmark's best boy auteur is taking him too seriously. Because he's joking. Even when he's deadly serious. Is *Antichrist* a joke? No. And you label it a satirical on-screen conflict: the worst date movie ever, and von Trier is his most vulnerable. When when the 55-year-old was bedridden by depression, *Antichrist* can only really be called shock therapy.

His *Tromor* film (although it barely fits that genre) begins in depressing, heavy (Lynch) in its way by DOP Anthony Dod Mantle in gloaming black and white to *Blade II*'s *Lucas* (Chloë Sevigny) transition. "Leave me to sleep over my great love," *Antichrist*'s pretense as a couple having passionate sex on the snow troubles outside. In another room, their two-year old son falls to his death from an open window, landing in the snow below like a broken snow angel.

Alas, von Trier is missing with us. The stunning, wayward running too close to an actual person for it to be anything other than deliberate. We feel to colour and real time: the woman (Charlotte Gainsbourg) crumpled with grief, her therapist husband (Willem Dafoe) taking her to an isolated cabin in a forest called *Siden*. Given that von Trier broke up his movie with chapter headings like *Ther*, *Grief* and *Despair*, you get the feeling that recognition isn't exactly on the cards.

But enough, after a measured, masterfully paced first 45 minutes, Gainsbourg rapidly goes mental – along with the movie itself. Gainsbourg briefly in manic form in the prologue, a direct, a gaze and a lot of passive aggressively of what's to come. "Chloe is right," points the Fox. "Yes, it's a talking list. Go figure. Some of us have to continue to survive – like Dafoe's incredible-looking face in close-up, to

Gainsbourg willing himself to blend into the grey – before von Trier finally spins over the top and down the other side. Psycho-horror goes body horror goes nature porn. How bad does it get? The blackening of an erect penis. A hand job followed by blood-spunking. Horrific smutty school in graphic close-up. A man's leg impaled then filled with a wheel.

"Nature is Satan's church," says the woman. But whatever von Trier has to say about nature, sex, women, religion or anything else gets lost in his violently provocative images. We get no answers from the oddball code. By now, *Antichrist* has impaled itself as well-everything anti-commercial, anti-critical, anti-home, anti-art-house.

But it's hard to think of another filmmaker who's liberally attempted to express his own psychological response with such outrageous abandon. *Chloe* means, indeed, as the hysterical violence of heaven nature destroys Dafoe's

more attempts to calmly reason through his wife's distress with psychobabble.

The 53-year-old Danish auteur calls it "the most important film of my career." Powerful, daring and fractured, if *Antichrist* is the most serious Danish joke ever told, it's a self-deprecating one, too. It's thrilling, more than von Trier's violent sense of mischief, his movie-making skill and his desire to smash limits and expectations all remain undimmed. However you swallow it, this bizarre, hysterical melodrama is impossible to ignore. And the vision of von Trier using as bed weaving. It is impossible to resist. **Jonathan Chaitkin**

Antichrist has Trier done to it? How but to talk to it? **1**

Enjoyment for the sake of the taking for the best and the best. **2**

In Antichrist Gainsbourg's incredible. *Antichrist* and Trier's and the top of the world. **3**



KATALIN VARGA

PHOTOGRAPH BY
JAMES HARRIS

HER FILM *THE
LIFE OF
THE LITTLE GIRL*



The story that accompanied the making of *Katalin Varga* is almost as remarkable as the film itself. A former fine-art student whose Sonic Catering Band, formed with various friends from Reading, toured throughout Europe, Peter Strickland became fascinated by cinema after viewing David Lynch's *Dumbland*. Honing his skills at Reading's Institute of Progress Theatre and working across various disciplines, Strickland's ambition to write and direct his own feature came to fruition when his friends died, leaving him a small inheritance. Assembling a skeleton crew, Strickland set off on what would become an intense and often perilous labour of love.

Shot on location in Transylvania over a four-year period for under £10,000, Strickland then undertook exhaustive efforts to raise interest in an 84-minute rough cut that he touted around numerous European festivals. Despite his efforts, there wasn't a flicker of interest until Romanian producer Cezar Gurgu – who had rejected another script

idea that Strickland had pitched her – asked to see the acetate. Recognising the raw but obvious intensity Gurgu persuaded her husband, Tudor Gurgu of Bucharest's Little Film, to loan the project as a co-producer. Subsequent to significant sound, colour and editing refinements made in post-production, Katalin Varga had its premiere at the Berlin Film Festival 16 months later.

Rescued by her husband and her refuge after an incident in her past is revealed, Katalin Varga (Hilda Pitaru) is left with no other choice than to set out on a quest to find the real father of her son Orban. Taking Orban with her under another pretence, Katalin travels through the Carpathians where she decides to accept a sinister chapter from her past and take revenge. This quest leads her to a place she hoped she would never set foot in again.

There is nothing particularly original about Strickland's plot, which has its roots in the road and

average movie genres. There are even – arguably – parallels with notorious '80s video nasty *[25p]* *On Your Mark* (now considered, somewhat ironically, to have become overtaken). The director cites more highbrow touchstones in *Night of the Hunter* and *Jeune Femme*'s *Shadows of our Forgotten Ancestors*. Indeed, one of the first things that sets Katalin Varga apart is its ambiguity towards the audience as protagonist finally conforms. Brilliantly portrayed by Thor Pully (fictitiously cast because Strickland liked his moustache) what is revealed is a changed and gentle man, openly regretful of his past conduct. The three-dimensional portrait has caused contention in some quarters, but in possessing a point of view alternative to that of the women, Strickland has achieved an audacious breakthrough.

Making subjective use of his innocence and minimalist camerawork Mark Gyron's assertion that he'd have to be totally incompetent not to make a film

that was beautiful to look at given his surroundings, Strickland's admiration for Lynch is perhaps most evident in the zoning out of sound and music: qualities for which the film won a Berlin Silver Bear. Working intuitively and often making little distinction between music and sound design (a lot of songs feature but are mixed in such a way as to sound like field recordings) Strickland and composer Steven Stapleton and Geoff Cox ensure that the film is as enjoyable to listen to as it is to view. This is a poem and powerful work, and Strickland is undeniably one of the discoverers of the year. **Jeune Wood**

Anticipation: If film fest comes with a festivaling bank £30 – and the Berlin Film Festival exception is an exception. **1**

Disappointment: For a first feature the atmosphere and execution landing that it was subtle. **1**

Is Anticipation: From the very first frame. *Katalin Varga* is a masterpiece. **1**



THE TAKING OF PELHAM 123

WOLFE
LAWRENCE
WOLFE

WOLFE
LAWRENCE
WOLFE



Juvenile, hypersensitive, obnoxious—and obviously—there can be no mistaking who's responsible for this macho re-make of John Sturges's 1954 thriller.

John Turturro returns the third bad-guy persona he's adopted in *Bad Boys*, *Arrested*, and *Succession* as Ryder, a disaffected New Yorker who leads a subway sabotage and demands a \$10 million ransom. Denzel Washington is transport official Walter Garber, just a guy on the other end of the mic... and the man assigned to handle the crisis.

Cooched in the language of terrorism and embezzling bankers, there are several strong clues in Brian Koppelman's screenplay (how a political machine responds to disaster/Garber's murky past) that

none of them really go anywhere. And when your plot plums on the stock market plummeting below 12,000 points, you know your film has been embarrassingly outpaced by real life.

Perhaps that's why Tony Scott shoots everything in scenes inducing blue-screens—he's aware that if you're actually able to focus on the details, the whole film will disappear down a pure plot hole. So Scott's signature style is ramped up by a factor of 10: until you feel like you're having your eyeballs tortured by a science-radio.

This is a tense, silly drama shot by a man whose film only knows how to shoot. It's almost as if the 66-year-old director is desperate to prove he can still kick it with the *Crank* generation. But

where a filmmaker *Crank* endorses an intentionally edgy style of videogame-era modernism, *Pelham* is wedded to an old-fashioned machismo and angst-grit.

What's strange is that both Washington and Turturro—who are both as bad as they've ever been—have made better versions of this film before. Washington in *John Q.*, Turturro in *Mail City*. Those were films that tried to say something real about the dehumanizing effects of the modern metropolis and the cynical manipulations of the media or politicians. In *Pelham*, cynicism flows from the filmmaker who—in a final freeze-frame—offers us a vision of optimism for here that endorses the very big-government purports to oppose.

After Man on Fire: Coda. He and now this, it's time for Denzel Washington to unshuck himself from Scott before he does any more damage to his reputation as an authentic A-list movie star. The role of their next project doesn't bode well, however. It's about a freight train spending out of control. It's called *Unstoppable*. Matt Bochenko

Antipathetic: Denzel Washington is one of the most charismatic movie stars around. *July Jack* 8.3/10 **B**

Edgier: Actively painful at times if uncomfortable to Scott's penchant for permanently smutting criticism **B**

In Bed: It can't be too neatly called. *Enter Turturro* **B**

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FROZEN RIVER

CLASH

ANDREW SCHWARTZ
CAMPBELL



Wily politician **CONFRONT** Hunt has been quietly critical of the mainstream film industry's glorification of blue-collar America. We need only recall the hell-busting, cleavage-wielding antics of *Erin Brodeur* to see why. In her timely debut feature, *Frozen River*, Hunt puts her money where her mouth is, and makes the bleak resonance of American poverty with an actor washed out cinema scene.

The film begins with Ray Eddy (Melissa Leo), a gambling addict who has been abandoned by her husband, finding herself destitute and unable to feed her two sons. While trying to track down her absent spouse, she encounters Lila Lutesco (Mary Upham), a young Native American woman who introduces her to a criminal underworld of

smuggling immigrants from Canada across a frozen expanse of the St. Lawrence river within the Mohawk reservation. Unsurprisingly, the stakes are as high as the financial rewards that fuel Ray's desperate involvement, and soon it's all below Ray and Lila's plans go awry.

Frozen River scooped the Grand Jury Prize at Sundance in 2008, where jury member Quentin Tarantino excitedly described the film as "a wonderful depiction of America." His praise was echoed at the Independent Spirit Awards, which acknowledged the film's importance with a Best Female Lead win for Leo, and a Best First Screenplay going for Hunt. That this low-budget indie has garnered such critical attention—compelling Leo from relative obscurity to clashing

insight in the process—is no surprise, but it ironically embodies the very essence of the *American Dream* that the film so expertly interrogates.

And one could help but wonder how crucial the story of *Frozen River* has been to its success. Considering the particular resonance the film has had for audiences across the globe, cannot be separated from a timely concurrence with America's economic meltdown. This was a historic moment in which the excepted glass of an Erin Brodeur would have seemed misplaced. Unlike the flawless outline of Julia Roberts in her prime, the face of Melissa Leo's Ray is a tribute on which hardships, disappointment and anxiety have carved their brutal contours.

For it seems seductive and ungenerous to consign the film's power to immediacy alone, or to limit its scope to an unflinching exposition of brookline poverty. *Frozen River* is also a treat, a sentimental thriller, a meditation of brotherhood, cultural and national, and testament to the virtues of compassion, empathy and compassion. **Benjamin Patterson**

Anticipation: The dark loss of last year's awards season—*you'll want to know what all the fuss is about* **B**

Epiphany: An hour film you had seen on edge of the seat, trailer with two scenes at the wheel **B**

In Strapped: Director's career political context, as shutouts will be hard to forget **B**



EMBODIMENT OF EVIL

BRAND
NEW

WILLIAM
SHARPE
ON THE
EVIL OF
COFFIN JOE

Profile filmmaker and master of the macabre José Mojica Marins, has directed across numerous genres throughout his extensive career but truly came into his element with horror. The actor/writer/director single-handedly created a brand new sub-genre in his native Brazil with a weird and wonderful concoction of Gothic horror, expressionism, surrealism and bloody barbarism.

With a personal life that's just as strange as his movies, Marins became something of a sensation during the '60s (he had his own TV show, comic book and shampoo) released a semiothology, was thrown in jail and ran for congress in 1962 with the slogan: 'A strange man for strange times'. With his 1964 cult classic *A Morte* (The

End), Marins introduced the world to his most famous creation: Coffin Joe, an evil grown-upger hell bent on finding a suitable female to bear him a son. A Coffin Joe sequel appeared soon after in the form of *The Night* (1967) *Passes Four Corpses* in 1967, and now, some 40 years later, the belated Coffin Joe trilogy is brought to a close with the final installment *Embodiment Of Evil*.

After serving a four-decade term for kidnapping, torture and murder, Coffin Joe (played by Marins himself) is released back into civilization, and with the aid of a new assemblage of helpers and his faithful servant Bruno (Rui Beazente), Joe resumes his quest to find the perfect woman for his unborn child. While haunted by

ghostly visions of those he has killed in the past, Coffin Joe must also battle a new enemy back on the streets of São Paulo. And this time, the cruel killer may finally have met his match.

Dissecting the racist workings of Brazilian film is ultimately futile, though it is safe to say that torture, mutilation and cannibalism fuel the brutal and bizarre *Embodiment Of Evil*, with the director unleashing his unique brand of hallucinatory horror complete with striking visuals, Nietzschean philosophy and female nudity.

Of course, it will be a day's work for Marins, who has been stilling restless with his radical style for decades, though neoconservatives may find the sleeping and graphic

spectacle a little too much to stomach. Dedicated followers of the director's work will relish the relatively lush cinematic manner, while there's little doubt that *Embodiment Of Evil* provides a sick and smelly conclusion to the Coffin Joe trilogy courtesy of a true visionary: visionary José Mojica Marins.

disturbing, it's been a long time with the third Coffin Joe instalment. So there's that, it's something close to a Holy Grail. **D**

Equipment A hallucinatory nightmare upped to include splatter and mental abuse courtesy of a much-improved budget. **B**

Is *Embodiment Of Evil* as good as it gets? Yes, this is a cult classic, a disturbingly blind devotion to evil. **D**





COCO AVANT CHANEL

DISNEY'S *COCO* IS A LOVE LETTER TO MEXICAN CULTURE

BY
JENNIFER
WATSON



If you're looking for a glossy teenage-infant model of handbags and jewelry, then walk away now. This is not the story of Mademoiselle Chanel, but the story of Coco. And the two are very different indeed.

As a motherless child, González' Coco* Chanel (Bernal) lived in an orphanage with her sister Adrienne. Convinced that their father would come to visit, she scouted the groups of pianists arriving at weekends, turning lovelornly away when he failed to appear. Her heart, broken by the first man to fantasize in her life, was put in cold storage—never to be thawed.

Throughout her reinvented, director Anne Parmentier foraged through copious amounts of musical, determined to stay

as true to Coco as possible. It's close from the outset that she is succumbed in trapping into the wilful spirit of the little lady with the huge personality. There's an undeniable box-office benefit in choosing Audrey Tautou in the lead, but as time passes, Tautou morphs into the Mademoiselle. Gone is the doll-faced charm of her previous roles, replaced by a harder, tougher exterior. Her make-up free complexion and unplaced eyebrows endow her with a cold, by contrast. And yet, naughtiness still dances in the corner of her black eyes—the lethal combination that was Coco to a tee.

Constantly trying to break free from conventions, Coco is filled in tight shoes, rebelling the oppressive nature of the society

and surroundings that just didn't suit her. But oh, so live in an era of home video, plunking, and raveling. Unfettered through numerous juggling, all while looking pretty in one telling scene, Coco flips open a night, constraining coast, declaring that women need room to breathe—the birth of her motto-on-life.

The history of Parmentier's film is the way in which she with her tale of Coco, bringing the love we know and love with the love we know nothing about, we find out how she became 'Coco', from where the late black dress took its inspiration, how she stumbled across love, and when the first heartbreak came to life.

Loosely though the film is, if Parmentier stepped away a good 40 miles, then to reach the better. Between the grating days

of Coco's youth, to the music she craves smoking days in her Parisian boudoir, it's hard to reflect what actually happens—but it's more definitely to come.

Beginning as the touching tale of an orphan abandoned by poverty yet determined to leave the past for Paris, this is an epic story that gradually develops into a beautiful and beguiling homage to the first lady of fashion. **Marnisha Rajesh**

Adrienne. There are so many firsts and deaths in this world, but the most in a movie. **B**

Reynolds. Letting hold up the grand down when others would stumble at the first hurdle. **B**

In Between. Long but so heart-warming, truly joyful of a great job. **B**



ECHOES OF HOME

THE ART OF THE YODLER

BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



There is no sound, apart perhaps from the distinctive clime of the cuckoo clock, that evokes Switzerland quite like a yodel—the old-time recombination of the human voice against Alpine nature that sets the balladive with the sound of music. Yet for those who dismiss the yodel as an obsolete and ossified cultural form, along comes Stefan Schwarzen's *Edison Of Home* to show that there's now life being breathed into this ancient brand of singing.

Instead of preserving a stuffy muscological history, Schwarzen follows three singers who, in their different ways, adapt the yodelling tradition to express their own sense of individual identity. As a child, Christian Zehnder used to believe

that yodelling was “just a job,” but now sees it as a non-verbal way to communicate who he is and where he comes from—even if he likes mixing it up with jazz improvisation and Tuvan throat singing to create a hybrid idiom that resonates with his own personality.

Born in the US to Swiss parents, Krika-Sucky incorporates yodelling along with all manner of other cultural influences into her bilingual, multicultural performance art, in part as an attempt to reconcile the multiracial American and conservative Swiss that the claims are at constant war within her.

Noldi Ailer was born in Appenzel-Auderod, the rural heartland of yodelling to a multi-generational

family of renowned singers, but if he, with his haunting “Züesell” (or slow plumed), comes closest of the three singers to the essence of yodelling, his branches with tradition have still created palpable friction with his father.

By letting these musical missionaries speak (and sing) for themselves, and by filming them in both microscopical and more modern performance spaces, Schwarzen shows a nation that is, for all its historical roots, multi-faceted and ever-changing, so that scratching its primal as a yodel can also be truly modern. These performances are mixed with the footage/home videos and family photos, creating a multimedia language that like the music it

documents, links the present to the past in a series of echoes.

The only fault here is budgetary. Just as the Swiss mountains require a fog, echoing voice to fill them, they also demand a wide lens to capture their scale—but the digital equipment used here is simply too much for these landscapes, all but ruining several personally sublime scenes with unflattering and distracting. **Aaron Kilo**

Anticipation A yodelling triumph? This about score **B**

Equipment Search part, but doesn't look better **B**

On Location Several national identity are successfully tested in the process **B**

MID-AUGUST LUNCH



As single joke movies go, this (still) happy-go-lucky miniature from writer-director-comedian Di Geronimo is easily one of the better ones. The joke is as subtle as a goodie, essentially suggesting that we mature from children to adulthood (and, in our twilight years, those ingrained impulses from our formative years return to us as we go through to death.

Di Geronimo makes for a charming lead as Giovanni, a good-natured though directionless middle-aged man who enjoys a apple whenever he can get one. He lives with and tends to his beloved, liver spot-dotted mother in their poky apartment in Rome.



exploring his tragic emotion in order to get out of paying rent. He is one day confronted by the superintendent, who offers him a proposition: if Giovanni will watch over his mother for the red August Ferragosto holiday, then he would be willing to overlook these long-due payments.

Giovanni accepts. Then he's saddled with an extra aunt. And then the doctor arrives, and someone needs to look after his mother too. From then on it's virtually a babysitting movie: albeit

an amusing and lovely one, with Giovanni charged with cooking meals, putting the women to bed, tending to their dietary and medical needs as well as lifting them out of their apocalyptic stupor.

It's a difficult film to dislike, but there is a nagging feeling that it could have been even better. Di Geronimo's choice to play for laughs and have his own character as a broadly comic-book eye-rolling overman means that there's no moment of realisation or emotional pay off, however subtle, to suggest that this experience

has affected him at all. The director, too, is a little earnest, with some shots beautifully framed and lit, and others very rusty and needlessly emblematic. **Alex Black**

Antipapas. Was the Sydney Ray Award at last year's London Film Festival all that some-thing to you? **1**

Engagement. Very sweet indeed! Ponder and giggle a plenty! **1**

In Bedragged. A little too tight and loose for to be good! **1**

AM I BLACK ENOUGH FOR YOU?



"You are asking you who Miss Jones is," winks '80s soul star Billy Paul. "Circles drifting with." Perched on the back of his head the bespectacled baseball-papawearing policeman is referring to Me and Mrs Jones... the adultery-themed disco single that spawned two standards in 1972 (but which Philadelphia International Records misread on 'Am I Black Enough For You?' as a follow-up; the backlist was minuscule).

Why? Well, Swedish director Goran Olsson never really explores Changing after Paul as he races Bialist and Paris with his manager/wife Blanche: these are discussions of racism, and we're repeatedly told what a career-biting "muscle" the single was (except it wasn't). Sure,



he's no household name, but Paul still accrued a vast collection of hits while his comatose performances to this-day prove that he screams very much in demand. Even a duet with Kenny Gamble (the author of many of Paul's pop tracks) fails to enlighten.

Based on a muddy argument it may be, but Olsson's documentary navigates some rock-on moments anyway. Paul is a spightly cheeky character, shamelessly strapping off layers in the heat of a musical

moment; while wife Blanche is a host, waving hip-hop bunnies past grunted hubby like a fuzzy mother hen. Visually it's top dollar too - Olsson matching Paul's usually dooming to moody urban landscapes.

But the director can't resist parading the breaks whenever Paul takes up a mic, turning his open into a less-greatest hits showcase that totally sacrifices pacing. Shame, because Paul is worth more - his past encounters with drugs and the

KKK were ground-making supporting montages, but Olsson is obsessed about grilling for the goods. So: black enough? Miss Jones. Brave enough? Not quite. **Joah Wainman**

Antipapas. A documentary about the death who sing. Life and Miss Jones? Could be good! **1**

Engagement. That's a pretty sexy set of pipes! **1**

In Bedragged. The delirium did get it, but you'll walk you know about life! **1**



INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS



Inglourious Basterds starts with the best scene Tarantino has written since Dennis Hopper told Christopher Walken he is an eggplant in *The Remains of the Day*: Whiskey-soaked comedy with powder-bucket violence it's as good as it gets. And a sewer gets that good again.

Unfolding in German, French and English, the terrific opening sees the villainous Jew Hunter, Colonel Hans Landa (Christopher Walken), murder a Jewish family hiding in a French farm. But one girl (Mélanie Laurent) escapes, growing up to run a Paris cinema where she hatches a plot to kill Hitler and the Bitch's top boss when they attend a movie premiere.

What we have here, then, is QT gleefully harnessing film's power to rewrite history. Meanwhile Michael Fassbender's British agent (a film comic by training) gets orders from an unrecognizable Mike Myers to hook up with German actress-cum-spy Diane Kruger to take out

Walter himself! Once again, it's tough guys who are the real heroes in QT's world of violent rums. And Kruger provides the trademark toilet fechtions.

So where exactly are the Basterds in all this? Well, quote: After Brad Pitt's redneck hit-it-Apache leader Aldo Raine demands his squad of Jewish-American soldiers each bring him 100 Nazi scalpies, they barely feature. After a raucous introduction, infamous Nazi-killing German Til Schweiger doesn't say a word in the film, and blinkety blank Eli Roth leaves you wishing they'd cut a proper actor as the infamous "Bear Jew." Woody Allen would've been good.

QT's war rums is topped and tailed by shocking massacres, but in between, the violence erupts only in short, bloody blasts. The dash is in the dialogue—Tarantino's best action set pieces are all verbal: the butcher-shop scene, a tavern drinking

game in which an SS officer grows suspicious of Fassbender's German accent, and, basically, every time Landa opens his mouth.

Nothing in the entire movie is as funny, ingenious or sophisticated as Christopher Walken's unforgettable performance. All silent menace: writing occupation discouragement, he's full of tiny nuances that don't come from the script—whether carefully undoing the buttons on a notebook or eating apple strudel ("Ah, ah! War for me—").

Trauble is the star of *Basterds* drags on and on and on. Over the last decade, Tarantino's movies have become less frequent and more elegant. Now it's a joy to the point where he repeats long dialogue scenes until you're tired of hearing people talk. *Inglourious Basterds* isn't very long at all. Comes out of two hours and 41 minutes. It's no exaggeration to say that an hour could have been tucked away like a Nazi scalp.

Tarantino has been wrestling with the script for more than a decade and he still hasn't nailed it. He even had in Samuel L. Jackson to interject several voiceover interludes when he runs out of ideas for how to tell the story.

By the by: Tarantino's sado-masochism of a finale: QT has let loose completely. Flashes of congenious candle with candle-cray jewelry, although it doesn't stop this being his most purely enjoyable film since *KILL BILL*. The business-chained-it-up-people himself obviously likes it—just wait for the last line. **Jonathan Crocker**

Anticipation: Can QT be trusted with one of the most painful episodes in history? **B**

Epiphany: Amazing whatever the *Jurassic* is on screen. Not a thin movie, but amazing? **B**

In retrospect: The bag and the failed staff, but used by one great performance and some hot flashes of classic QT dialogue. **B**



35 SHOTS OF RUM

REVIEWER'S CHOICE
35 SHOTS OF RUM is a
 perfect example of
 Denis's artistry.

GRADE
A-



Inspired by the stories of her Breton grandfather that Claire Denis heard as a child, *35 Shots of Rum* is the film that the director claims to have always wanted to make. An attempt to interpret the man who raised her mother alone, the film begins to take greater shape after Denis attended an Cannes session with her mother in Paris and recognized in the Japanese master's work the unique articulation of feelings among family members both present and absent. The result of these endeavors is a film that stands comfortably alongside 1999's *Beau Travail* as one of Denis's greatest achievements.

A father, Lionel (Alex Descas) and daughter, Josephine (Mia Dory), live lovingly together in a grey apartment building in a drab suburb of Paris. Two neighbors frequently intrude—one has a romantic design on the father; the other (disgustingly handsome Denis's son Gillespie Colin) has eyes for the young

daughter. A train driver on Paris' rapid transit rail network, Lionel has been raising Josephine alone ever since she was a little girl. Though the retirement of a fellow driver provides a fleeting distraction, little by little Lionel begins to realize that life is passing by and that the time to leave each other is perhaps approaching.

A former assistant to Jacques Rivette, Wim Wenders and Jia Jarmusch, who became her 1988 debut with *Chocolat*, established himself as one of the greatest voices in contemporary French cinema. Denis deftly captures the haunting waves of Lionel and Josephine's everyday lives and beautifully depicts the subtle shifts in their delicately crafted relations. The sense that father and daughter have outgrown each other is revealed in increments, with the film building to an agonizingly poignant conclusion following an occasion in Lubert, the first meeting place of Josephine's mother

Taking its title from an old Caribbean drinking legend, *35 Shots of Rum* is rooted in its refusal to lapse into sentimentality. The central relationship aside, this is never closer than when Denis is dealing with the retirement of Lionel's co-worker (Benoît Utiel's Monsieur Troussard). Unable to adjust to a life without the benefits of work, and finding himself robbed of the comfort of rum, the man takes his own life, committing suicide on the tracks that for so long provided him with his living.

Alex Descas is no worse in the such film than he and Denis have made together. Experiencing emotion with a subtlety, alert and yet unobtrusive intimacy. Denis is also by turns fragile and resolute. The film begins with Lionel and his daughter reunited in their flat together after a day of work. The intimacy between the pair is such that it appears as if they are a couple. Descas' great skill is to subtly convey the paternal link

and depict this mixed ambiguity.

The collaborative thread is present elsewhere. A host to look at, the film's crisp, warm visuals and flowing camerawork are courtesy of Denis' regular cinematographer, Agnès Godard. Confronting a relationship that goes back to 1966's *Jeune Femme*, the single but extremely effective score is courtesy of Simon Staples of Trindade. As ever with Denis, the use of music is exemplary. An exhilarating sequence in which Lionel enjoys a nocturnal dance to Night Shift by The Commodores sends genuine shivers down the spine. **Jason Wood**

Delightful. The films of Claire Denis are always so subtly ordered. **D**

Disappoint. Establishes an intense fascination for the characters that it never lets a second hand. **B**

Intriguing. Perhaps the pinnacle of an intimate and intensely stimulating work. **B**



CLOUD 9

Cloud 9 is a queer classic that's still as relevant as ever.

BLADE
RUNNER



"You're as young as the man you love," she lve goes. Which makes Inge (Udo Kier) an astonishingly viable 75-year-old. Stunned in her post-immense routine, looking in a self-reflecting mirror of war zones and sewing choices, Inge (actually in her late sixties) has been married for 30 years, and her mastery is complete. Then she meets Karl (Hans Weingarten), the 36-year-old in question, and the two recognize in each other a mirrored loneliness. You can almost hear Barry White humming from beyond the grave.

And before you've taken a breath, there's the sex. In Cloud 9's heady, shocking, pre-credit five minutes, Inge and Karl engage in a staggeringly graphic display of geriatric gymnastics. He strokes her cheek with liver-spotted hands; they love passionately; he gets between her naked thighs...

If you've turned green already, chances are you won't survive these opening moments.

But that would be doing Cloud 9 a disservice. Yes, the in-your-face, fleshy foreplay is at first galling—almost hysterically so. Do we laugh at this? Is it comedy? Horror? But German director Andreas Dörsen is from the Mike Leigh school of thought. Nudity itself is only fleetingly provocative, and with Cloud 9, Dörsen is more interested in a probing—and yes, explicit—exploration of love that are recent to be winding down. Together Inge and husband Werner (Hans Reichert) have raised children and made a home—they have done everything that society expects—but how they truly live?

Sound like a drag? Well, Dörsen saves proceedings from the doldrums by exploring the female, complex age issues with fascination

Like Leigh, he is a director obsessed in people and their unique internal/external worlds. Filming in a loose, documentary style, his natural lighting hides none of the ravages of time, and long, unobtrusive takes force us to inhabit the world of our elderly romantics absolutely. When Inge stands before a full-length mirror naked as the day she was born, tentatively searching her aging folds, we're right there with her—nervously fascinated and appalled, as she is.

That's not just advice porn for the over-seventies. Dörsen is vividly peeling back the layers of society's elder persons, exposing their hopes and fears through the heightened dramatics of a love story. As our technology obsessed era closes in around them—wind turbines obscure their country yards, planes power overhead—just where do our authentic two belong?

Sadly, melodrama threatens to unbalance the second half of this carefully constructed opus when, inevitably, the romance trope is exposed. But if the only engagement against the dramatic developments is that Ursula Werner's hysterical sobbing is too real, too haunting, you know you're clutching at tearing needles. Quietly observations, jokes about old age (dilated ectons and female masturbation among them) and some neat visual tricks make Cloud 9 a surprisingly poignant experience. You'll never look at your granddads the same way again. **Josh Wussing**

Anticipation: German W/ner? Ship! 1

Engagement: By love, technology and a splatter, but ultimately moving. 1

In Disarray: Biting staff for their white lie. 1



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ROBIN WRIGHT PENN: BEAUTIFUL TORTURE WORDS BY ELLEN E JONES

SELECT FILMOGRAPHY ROBIN WRIGHT PENN

The Matrix (1999)
Dead Ray (2000)
War of the Worlds (2005)
Twist (2007)
Reckless (2007)
It's a Wonderful Life (2006)
Wish You Were Here (2007)
The Edge (2007)
Message in a Bottle (2003)
Dark Comedy (2007)
Arrested (2006)
The House of the Dead (2007)

When strangers assess Robin Wright Penn, they're usually shouting, "Run, Forrest, run!" or they want to talk about *The Princess Bride*. Filmed back when she was still Robin Wright, the flaxen-haired 20-year-old model from San Diego, it's a witty subversion of the fairy tale adventure. Penn's role, however, was disappointingly traditional, demanding only that she look beautiful—which, amazingly, she did. Forrest Gump, on the other hand, might be the best of all American events movies that bring European critics out in a rash, but at least it gave Penn room to run for metaphors. And she was undeniably having as Forrest's tragic sweetheart, Jenny.

As well as these memorable supporting roles in much-loved hits, Penn has given impressive performances in movies or little-seen films (*She's So Lovely*; *Breaking and Entering*; *The Pledge*; *Strong Healer*) and done her fair share of non-roles and voiceovers (*Miss Chatterbox*; *Message in a Bottle*). But oddly, after 35 years in the business, she's never had a leading role worthy of her talents.

Faced with the perplexing anomaly of a beautiful, talented, connected actress slating philosophical stardom, the press reached a consensus: she must, out of a willful pessimism, be choosing obscure roles. But Penn is reluctant to accept the get-out clause: "It's easy for them. They add it all up and go, 'Well that's what it is. [Penn] that couldn't be further from the truth.' Her own explanation remains a refreshing—if suspiciously egotistic—version of the Hollywood casting process: "I think it's what moves you, what resonates and, more importantly, can I bring something to that story?" Yknow, at a certain point you go, "No, actually I'm not the best person for the part. Because she could tell the story better."

Also, as Penn is quoted saying in several approving magazine articles during the '90s, being a mom came first. The birth of her second child, Hopper Jack, ended a North African shoot for *The English Patient*. That's the only named role she's come even close to regretting. "There aren't many [regrets]. The reason I missed out was just because something better came along—I got to have a child, or something like that."

The *Princess Bride* of Pappa Lee, by contrast, has come along at exactly the right time, and her performance as Pappa makes me doubt that she's the best person for the part. An adaptation by Rebecca Miller of her own novel, it's a thoughtful, inventive film about a woman whose choice to buy her own identity in the service of her older, more successful husband—played with typical ring charm by Alan Arkin.

The film hurls back and forth between the wild, free-spirited Pappa Lee once was (as represented by George Clooney's Blake Lively) and the serene housewife she has become) blossoming friends with her (subtitled) love and not much else. Stuttering crises are scattered along the way, but it's Penn who gently keeps the showbusiness in orbit with a performance both understated and expressive. "I think I have an inclination towards the subtlety involved," says Penn. "I love that sort of... beautiful torture."

When the shoot was delayed due to a financing hiccup, Penn spent the intervening year making frequent visits to the New York home Rebecca Miller shares with Daniel Day-Lewis. "I had my archive right there, in Rebecca, knowing her and spending quality time with each other. Not that she's Pappa by any stretch, but there were a lot of memories that I believed that I had performed to Pappa. Her attitude was the attitude that I was looking to emulate."

Miller suggested there ought to be something about living post-Pappa to prevent Pappa, so Penn got to work. "I literally only met Blake [Lively] for like a minute when we were doing camera tests for lighting. She kept doing this sweet thing with her eyelashes. She'd get such a great little look—she'd like a doe." Though you barely register it when watching the film, Penn has skillfully transformed the expression—eyelashes gently raised, mouth turned up at the corners—into something swelling. As she puts it, "It's like everything in life is such a surprise and yet nothing is a surprise."

But, as a sensitive, Robin Wright Penn is excellent in her new movie because she is a talented, imaginative and hard-working actress. But isn't there another level to this ingenious bit of casting? This takes us to the elephant in the room: the Pappa Lee, Robin Wright Penn is very often overshadowed by her more famous husband, and as Mickey Rourke demonstrated in *The Wrestler*, add a layer of relevant while testifying to a great performance and you've got something truly poignant.

Would it be less likely to suggest that Miss Sean Penn might be drawing on personal experience? Penn considers the suggestion. "No. But I've been coded [subtitled] love—does anyone want to hear? I missed my life because I wanted to. I don't ever see myself as being in that position, what we say? Fair enough, but isn't it amazing to be seen as Sean Penn's wife that and an actress second? It doesn't bother me because that's the reality. It's a fact. There's nothing upsetting about it. It is what it is. If somebody's more well-known it's pretty understandable, but I don't think it diminishes the other."

There is one comparison between Penn and her character that's impossible to resist. Like Pappa Lee, Penn's children are entering adulthood, leaving her free to embark on an exciting new phase. Unlike Pappa Lee, this doesn't simply involve making out with Sean's Reeves. Penn was a jury member at the year's Cannes festival, she is about to begin filming a thriller action, action-adventure project with *Wish You Were Here* director Aron Posner, and she's got a Broadway play lined up for the spring. Will she be taking on more leading roles in the future? "Yeah, definitely. I hope. I hope. I hope!" Things are looking up—with one reflective proviso: "I mean, I know we're in a terrible recession now. Everybody's like, 'I wonder if I can get a job.' Something tells us she'll be alright."

A full transcript will be available online in the week of the film's release.



THE PRIVATE LIVES OF PIPPA LEE

EW.COM

NET & PIPPA LEE
CAME TOGETHER
FOR THE FIRST TIME



If you fancy yourself as the kind of highbrow hostess who's only interested in the personal lives of literary figures then you might want to take a step; this is falling out. It's an adaptation of her own novel by Rebecca Miller, daughter of the great American playwright Arthur Miller, and wife of Daniel Day-Lewis. It features Zoe Kazan, granddaughter of Arthur Miller, a great collaborator and sometime nemesis (his Kazan, and tackles the lives of writers and actors living in New England. In other words, there's a definite whiff of the autobiographical.

Rebecca Miller plays Pippa Lee, the enigmatic model of an artist's wife who has allowed herself to be subsumed into the identity of her artist, more successful husband. Yet Pippa won't always go to suburban and serene. As comic in Pippa's present being about an identity crisis, the film has look

through her past to reveal the wild, sensual woman she once was.

With a female lead and a largely female cast, it's inevitable that this will be listed in the *Glamour* glossies, sponsored by everyone else and soon mostly by movie-in-a-drama—but despite all that, *The Private Lives of Pippa Lee* doesn't fit the modern, derogatory picture of the 'chick flick.' It's a 'Women's Picture' in the respectful sense once applied to the melodramas of Douglas Sirk and the comedies of George Cukor.

Miller masterfully gives life to Pippa's memories with a series of intimate but understated techniques including in-camera transitions between past and present, and even animation. The film's chief pleasure, however, is watching the talented cast have a ball with Miller's delicious dialogue. Julianne Moore as Pippa's macho, successful husband

is the standout cameo, but Willem Dafoe is also brilliantly funny as hapless egomaniac Benoit, and Monica Bellucci is magnetic as a temptress ex. Only Kevin Kline lets the role down, once again demonstrating his God-given ability to transcend even well-written roles with a disarming sincerity. But then he's only on screen once, because really this is all about Helen Wright Pippa.

She's pretty with a disarming undercurrent, expensive yet restrained, while casting George Clooney as the younger woman is a stroke of luck (or genius) because they look uncannily alike. Allen Atkins, as Pippa's aging husband Benoit, doesn't get a younger version because clearly no one else could rival Allen does. So it's a tribute to the quality of the writing that you forget to chander when presented with the sight of Lovely swooping her youthful milky

body around his crepe-paper skin. The characters are so believable, it just makes sense.

It's impossible to capture the complex whole of a person in one movie (or novel), but Miller uses this limitation to her advantage, by making the mystery of Pippa Lee's true identity the heart of the film. "It's disappointing when someone turns out not to be the person you thought they were," says a neighbor when she walks in on Pippa making out with her goatee-up son, but with a bit affirming too? Helen K. Jones

Adaptation. The cost is intriguing but the picture needs it. **A-**

Enigma. That reads with mystery and then it's a mystery. **B**

In Background. Family and friends of the writer of *The Private Lives of Pippa Lee* are in the film of many. **C**



THREE MILES NORTH OF MÖLKÖM

WASH STATE

FRANKIE
AND
NICK
AND
THE
MILKMAKERS



At this vintage, austere festival, enlightenment comes in the form of a little white pill. But in the idyllic forests of Angbäck, Sweden, it's a little harder to swallow. This is the home of the No Mind Festival, held every year in the countryside three miles north of Mölkö— and somewhere over the rainbow.

It's a place of shamanic music, ketone tea, group sharing and—quite literally—tree hugging, where new agers and old hippies share in a two-week celebration of mind, body and nature.

Our Dorothy in this weird and wonderful world is a magpy award from Oz. Usher Brons Nick—all permeable and braving accents—was expecting something slightly

different when he heard of a festival where liberated Swedish chicks ran around with their hair off. It's largely through his scriptorial eyes that the festival will unfold.

But not exclusively. Robben Cantans and Corinna McFarlane's documentary is litman: with a swirl of winning characters. That's a half-hour master Siddhanta, passive aggressive patriarch of the group, Merv's a troubled gear. Eya, the California beach kid with the sensual killer smile, pretty Mari, dream dad Peter, and Swedish celeb Regina Lund.

They reveal themselves to the camera with astonishing openness. Not because they are desperate for exposure, but because Cantans and McFarlane are good enough

filmmakers to capture the awkward endearing, inquisitive and laconic complexities of their lives.

It's impossible to overstate just how intimate *Three Miles North of Mölkö* is. Though often hilarious, it is also difficult, at times excruciating, to watch. The group sharing sessions descend into an unendurable purgatory of tortured honesty and unrelenting aggression. Fortunately these moments are lightened by the filmmakers' sensitivity and the odd bright spot of raucous entertainment (Merv's slice at a beachside lesson on the "grow-on-the-floor stuff").

But Nick is the star and it's his journey that shapes the film. Just as his cynicism is challenged over the course of the festival, so too is the audience forced to confront its own

prejudices over the course of the film. Because let's face it, Nick isn't the only one who'll rather purgus in his eyes than spend a fortnight in a forest with a bunch of hippies. But as this trip down his own personal yellow brick road becomes a much larger voyage of discovery, when the time comes for toothful banter, he won't be the only one reluctant to leave this laconic magical place. **Mark Bucherstein**

Antipathy When a Milkman why should we care? **B**

Delusion I loved pinning the with heart, lard and jerry of his. **B**

In the end This film that hippies are with? **B**

LAND OF THE LOST

Watch it on DVD
2009 (12) The
Moths are out!

REVIEW

If you're struggling to see how yet another remake of yet another ancient TV series will engage you, try employing the help of a 10-year-old. They actually tend to enjoy seeing Will Ferrell riding a T-Rex on cardboard space sets, and at least you can enjoy their enjoyment.

Has-been scientist Dr Rick Marshall (Ferrell) gives the mismanagement of hairy Cambridge goat Holly (Anna Friel) leads to the desert to test his time travel device – an accordion. Together with redneck jodel Will (Dorsey Mitchell), they get auctioned into the Land of the Lost. These 'amish' desert plains and rainforests, and alongside a 'mystery' gubbling pterosaur (Dennis Quaid), they

negotiate robber men, dinosaurs and dimensional crystals to get back home.

There's an endearing naivete of consciously crap and clever CGI at work here, especially in the 'tripping' scene where music, visuals and humour combine into a riff that sums up the film's post post modern objective: to recreate its TV origins, replicate with homage its 70s limitations while simultaneously poking fun at them and creating contemporary laughs. And just thought they were just

going around!

But none of this would work at all if the three leads weren't quite so good. Ferrell does nothing new but Dorsey Mitchell is an inspiration, and Friel holds her own as the straight girl – both spunky and kind herself.

Do we need *Land of the Lost*? No. But then you could say the same of a great deal of entertainment wallpaper that's still well entertaining. But the film falls between demographic stools. The humour is too sweet

for kids, too unsophisticated for adults. That just leaves teenagers, who may not be attracted to a self-consciously family film. Neither conventional action adventure or enough of an out-there pastiche, this really is the land of the lost. **Loosen Wayne**

Reimagined. *Wouldn't it be wonderful in your bed to have pussies for curtains?* **B**

Supporting Ferrell goes first **B**

In Bedquipped Gore and soon heptagon **B**



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SKIN

REVEAL *It's not until Sandra's mother is killed that she fully understands her place in the world.*

REVEAL *It's not until Sandra's mother is killed that she fully understands her place in the world.*



If *Ismael* is based on a true story, it's the kind of narrative that would be almost too hard to endure, let alone believe, so seamlessly craft it is. As a metaphor for the shockingly warped reality that persisted over South Africa's decades of Apartheid (and still indelibly lingers), the biography of Sandra Laing is hard to beat. A black-skinned child born in the 1950s to white Afrikaner parents, Sandra spent her youth, and much of her adult life it seems, being bullied by caustic rejection, not only from official institutions and society at large – but by her family (her two siblings apparently refuse contact with her to this day) and, later, her husband.

First-time feature director Anthony Fabian steers a straight but approach to Sandra's story, which is certainly the strongest thing *Ismael* has going for it. Sophie Okonedo does her best in a centrally stretching role, grasping the baton from young Sandra, Ella Ruesangwe, to play the lead from her exceptionally self-conscious, gawky teen years in the '60s – which involve being legally 'reclassified' from white to black and back again – through to post-apartheid South Africa's first free elections in 1994.

Sara Nelli is convincing as Sandra's maternally possessive but culturally blinkered father, Abraham, enraged by constant disbelief (and spite) of doubt in his own mind

regarding Sandra's paternity, though the film's sound-out performance belongs to Alice Krige, whose condescending pull as Sandra's mother and Abraham's long-suffering wife are pitifully expressed.

The film is elegantly shot, particularly the muted sepia tones of Sandra's early school years, the palette seems to drain everything of colour but conveys the slide from light to dark all too clearly. Stylish production design and costumes likewise point up the barbarism of the chilled ruling class – no more so than when the young Sandra is made to stand in a reined, outpenned office in front of a crowd of neatly turned-out men transacting to

endure having pencils stuck in her hair and her teeth examined to determine her race. While such visual torture evokes Sandra's childhood environment convincingly, the melodramatic, mediocre score runs roughshod over such subtleties and highlights how fundamentally conventional *Ismael* is. **Sophie Lee**

Antiques. Sold out, incredible story with a handful of fatal awards to boot. **B**

Exposure. It's like sitting through an abuse primary in a classroom which is not actually what it is. **B**

Ismael. Extraordinary subject, great a great feature. **B**



ICHI

GRADE
PG-13

REASON TO
WATCH
A female protagonist is a rare treat.

The wandering blind swordswoman is a staple of Japanese cinema, but *Ichu* is a worthy addition to the canon. A female protagonist is a rare treat, but it's director Fumihiko Sori's sense of drama and talent for storytelling that make this so much fun. The influence of spaghetti westerns and Japanese epics is pronounced, as *Ichu* (Haruka Ayase) wanders from town to town searching for the truth about her father—never wanting to fight, but beating all-comers with her surprising sword skills. She meets and saves Yusei (Takao Osawa), a talented Samurai too afraid to draw his weapon, and together they find themselves leading a small town of bandit-infested. The fight scenes are exceptional, enhancing the poignancy of the heart of a film that has an unassuming appeal. **Jonathan Wilkins**



BANDSLAM

GRADE
PG-13

REASON TO
WATCH
A female protagonist is a rare treat.

Recipe for creating a ramen sensation: Discover a new star (Gaelan Connell) to play troubled teen Will like the rising link between John Cusack and *Napoleon Dynamite*. Add a Disney superstar (Vinessa Hudgens of *High School Musical*), an established friend (Gus Kiron), and an OC shenanigan (Piper Dreyer). Set them into a story that blends the chase romance of *Mean Girls*, the pop nostalgia of *High School Musical*, *Fluffy*, the wit of *School of Rock*, and the implacable musical aspirations of *The Gershwins*. With a dash of David Bowie (in cameo) for good measure, Todd Giff's account of age musical comedy is smart enough to please the kids, while acerbically downbeat enough to keep the attention of any accompanying adults. **Anton Hall**



TENDERNESS

GRADE
PG-13

REASON TO
WATCH
A female protagonist is a rare treat.

Tenderness is all about pain. It's quite obvious—it's constantly subtitled by the narrator. Subtle it isn't. A retired Russell Crowe plays Detective Cristobal, who has been assigned to the case of Rina (Jon Foster), a boy recently released from juvenile detention after murdering his parents. Cristobal believes that Rina will kill again and follows him constantly. Enter Lori (Sophia Thrall), a disturbed teenage girl who is infatuated with Rina. As the film develops, Rina's intentions (or become evident despite his growing attachment to Lori. But the problem with this dark, unsettling film is that director John Polson fails to provide any empathy with either of these characters, so no amount of clever clever writing can make you care who kills whom. **Ed Andrews**



BURMA VJ

GRADE
PG-13

REASON TO
WATCH
A female protagonist is a rare treat.

The claim that something hasn't happened unless it's on YouTube is lent a special kind of profundity by this inspiring and occasionally harrowing documentary. In September 2007, as protesting monks in Burma marched into the guns of an oppressive regime, the world was forced to take notice by the equally extraordinary bravery of a small band of reporters. Journalists from the Democratic Voice of Burma risked their lives to record history in the making before smuggling the footage out of the country. Andon Derguand's film takes on the terrifying immediacy of a home-made horror as students pay for strength in the face of death, and a Japanese photo-journalist is brutally murdered. The DVJ were there to record it, and to offer a vivid call to arms. **Mark Bocharuk**



MAD, SAD & BAD

GRADE **PG**

REASON TO WATCH **BRITISH ASIAN COMEDY** **2010** **100%** **10/10**



THE YES MEN FIX THE WORLD

GRADE **PG**

REASON TO WATCH **THE YES MEN** **2010** **100%** **10/10**

British Asian cinema wears the country through a tripe-comedy prism where the various facets of class, sex and race are rendered into something of a coherent whole. *Mad, Sad & Bad* attempts to take things to a new realm of surreal. True to genre form, the film's characters are drawn from a single family: Psychiatric Hackney (Oshin Malik) is an arrogant womaniser, his brother Ash (Vivek Gohena) a self-absorbed neuroscientist and their sister Roshni (Meera Syal) a frump who still lives with their mother. But although these are not the shallow Asian stereotypes you were expecting, they are shallow stereotypes nonetheless. As a result, *Mad, Sad & Bad* is unengaging, even dull. Most frustratingly its bitness at the tip of success for a new generation of British Asians is left unchallenged. **James Brunsell**

This documentary follows the antics of political pranksters Andy Bichard and Mike Bonanno (collectively known as The Yes Men) as they aim to expose the extent to which corporate America shies on the world. Although the two don't have the screen-grabbing charisma of other cultural agitators like fake Michael Moore, as the film develops you are left with nothing but admiration for the audacity of their stunts. These include posing as spokesmen for Dow, clearing responsibility for the Bhopal disaster live on the BBC – something which sent Dow's share price plummeting. Even Michel The New York Times and the companies profiting from Hurricane Katrina also get hoisted in ingenious ways, giving you the fondest hope that the entire world isn't completely fucked yet yet. **Ed Andrews**



SUNSHINE CLEANING

GRADE **PG**

REASON TO WATCH **SUNSHINE CLEANING** **2010** **100%** **10/10**



THE LAST THING

GRADE **PG**

REASON TO WATCH **THE LAST THING** **2010** **100%** **10/10**

On paper, *Sunshine Cleaning* sounds almost as cheery as director Christine Jeffs' previous film, 2003's *Notes*. Amy Adams plays Nemo, a high school princess turned down at her single mom, whose son has recently taken to kicking pencil sharpeners at school. Brushy Mom in her Goth outsider Rose, all eyeliner and attitude. They unite, gradually to clean up crime scenes in an attempt to earn school fees for the little lad. But far from being a noogie (and *Sunshine Cleaning* feels like a first film – delicate, fresh and sincere). It's raw, working on the fringes of life that the scene confront the loss of their own mother. Planted by their father, Joe (Alan Arkin), the family develops without winners or chicks. And it's this realism that makes *Sunshine Cleaning* truly touching. **Liam Hayman**

With an story of Shakespearean melodrama relocated East (India rather than Japan) and a mad ruler brought low by his own family, there's an echo of Kurosawa in Siddh Anand's *The Last Thing*. But let's not get carried away. The first film to be produced under a collaboration between Anand Eye and The National Film and Television School, this is a patchy affair that sees the unwelcome return in a rural village brought to the aid by the arrival of a stranger armed with an antique rifle. Showcasing a clash between the twin poles of politics and religion, *The Last Thing* is handsomely shot in high-definition by Anand, a former director of photography, but suffers from underwritten, unengaging characters, and a decidedly creaky denouement. **Mark Bochenko**

THE

BACK SECTION

24



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LINT LARSEN

11 1000



SUMMER FESTIVAL Guide

IT'S NOT ONLY MUSIC FANS WHO SHOULD BE GETTING EXCITED ABOUT THE SUMMER SEASON. FROM ZOMBIE SCREENINGS TO WITCHMEN LECTURES, OVER THE NEXT FEW PAGES WE PRESENT THE ULTIMATE MOVIE-GOERS GUIDE TO THE FESTIVAL MONTHS. WORDS BY RUTH CARPENTERS

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WWW.IPSWICHARTFESTIVAL.COM

JUNE 25 - JULY 12

WORKHOUSE

WWW.WORKHOUSEFESTIVAL.CO.UK

POWYS

JULY 10-12

LOOP

WWW.LOOPBRIGHTON.COM

BRIGHTON

JULY 10-12

LATITUDE

WWW.LATITUDEFESTIVAL.CO.UK

SUFFOLK

JULY 10-13

NOZSTOCK

WWW.NOZSTOCKFESTIVAL.CO.UK

HEREFORDSHIRE

JULY 31 - AUGUST 2



BIG CHILL

WWW.BIGCHILL.NET
HEREFORDSHIRE
AUGUST 6-9

THE VIBE After years about the music scene of Big Chill, this year's festival is everything from indie to mainstream. The lineup is a mix of new and established acts, with a focus on the future of music. The festival is a celebration of the music scene and a chance to see some of the best acts in the world.

CON FINE The works of John Cage and Steve Reich will be performed at the festival.

MOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL

WWW.MOORMUSICFESTIVAL.CO.UK
YORKSHIRE
AUGUST 6-9

THE VIBE Moor Music Festival is a celebration of the music scene and a chance to see some of the best acts in the world. The festival is a mix of new and established acts, with a focus on the future of music.

CON FINE The works of John Cage and Steve Reich will be performed at the festival.

THE VIBE Moor Music Festival is a celebration of the music scene and a chance to see some of the best acts in the world. The festival is a mix of new and established acts, with a focus on the future of music.

CON FINE The works of John Cage and Steve Reich will be performed at the festival.

EDINBURGH MELA

WWW.EDINBURGHMELA.CO.UK
EDINBURGH
AUGUST 7-9

THE VIBE Edinburgh Mela is a celebration of the music scene and a chance to see some of the best acts in the world. The festival is a mix of new and established acts, with a focus on the future of music.

CON FINE The works of John Cage and Steve Reich will be performed at the festival.

END OF THE ROAD

WWW.ENDOFTHEROADFESTIVAL.CO.UK
DORSET
SEPTEMBER 11-13

THE VIBE End of the Road is a celebration of the music scene and a chance to see some of the best acts in the world. The festival is a mix of new and established acts, with a focus on the future of music.

CON FINE The works of John Cage and Steve Reich will be performed at the festival.

FESTINHO

WWW.FESTINHO.CO.UK
SUFFOLK
SEPTEMBER 4-6

THE VIBE Festinho is a celebration of the music scene and a chance to see some of the best acts in the world. The festival is a mix of new and established acts, with a focus on the future of music.

CON FINE The works of John Cage and Steve Reich will be performed at the festival.

FOREIGN FESTS



FESTIVAL INTERNACIONAL DE BENICASSIM

WWW.FIBENICASSIM.COM
VALENCIA
JULY 16-19

THE VIBE Festival Internacional de Benicàssim is a celebration of the music scene and a chance to see some of the best acts in the world. The festival is a mix of new and established acts, with a focus on the future of music.

A CAMPINGFLIGHT TO LOWLANDS PARADISE

WWW.LOWLANDS.NL
NETHERLANDS
AUGUST 21-23

THE VIBE A Campingflight to Lowlands Paradise is a celebration of the music scene and a chance to see some of the best acts in the world. The festival is a mix of new and established acts, with a focus on the future of music.

CON FINE The works of John Cage and Steve Reich will be performed at the festival.

TIME YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY RIGHT, AND YOU CAN GRAB SOME SUN, SEA AND CINEMA.

SZIGET

WWW.SZIGETFEST.CO.UK
BUDAPEST
AUGUST 10-17

THE VIBE Sziget is a celebration of the music scene and a chance to see some of the best acts in the world. The festival is a mix of new and established acts, with a focus on the future of music.

CON FINE The works of John Cage and Steve Reich will be performed at the festival.

from Dunn to reveal what the overgrown, old Florida detective was when you're talking about a re-discovering scene at the lost cinema of British film. It is not an simple an wandering through an archive and digging something out of a dusty corner. We asked Sam to talk us through the process of discovering and restoring a series of films by Jack Bond and the late Jane Arden – *Separation* (1968), a really exquisite looking film with all kinds of sophisticated stuff going on; "*The Other Side of the Underground*" (1972, "Like a Hammer (I) Too") and *Anti-Clash* (1980). A kind of surveillance psychology, sci-fi thing, what Chris Barber says.)

Steve Dunn: "Jane Arden committed suicide in late '82 – she was known as a writer, an actress, a playwright... So she was really quite versatile, but at the same time she's just fallen off the radar. Given how few visible videos there were in British cinema in the late 1960s and 1970s, it's amazing that she's just been papered over and so we really know about her in British cinema history.

"Jack Bond is otherwise known for having done a lot of Southbank shows and he in fact was effectively the Pat Sharp guy, so her director of choice along with Derek Jarman in the late '60s.

"Jack had paid a detective a few years ago to find out if still material still existed from *The Other Side of the Underground* and had been informed that it had all been destroyed in a fire in a SE lab. He then managed to get hold of a show girl from the States that was in a really nasty condition. He had it flown back to the UK and was looking at it on a bench over at one of the local Soho labs when one of the technicians who was on a break from another job wandered in with his coffee, passed over Jack a shoulder and went "Wow, this looks amazing. What is it?" Jack says: "It's this film made in '72 but all the negatives have been destroyed in a fire at a laboratory. And the technician said: 'Oh really?' I used to work there. I don't remember it. It's still there. Give me two minutes... So he wanders off and I catch a phone call, comes back and says: 'Jack, I've found 10 cassettes of negatives at Technicolor. And that was it. So it's literally gone from being thought lost and destroyed to 'We've cleaned up the tapes, we've done all this extraordinary technical treatment work, a lot of digital clean up on it and it looks like it was made yesterday."

"There are different lessons with the other two films. The last one they were seen as in a retrospective at the BFI in '83. Jack is quite upset about the fact that it's he who suppressed them in the cinema, but it's a kind of personal emotional anger as Jane having killed herself. But during that time, certainly wonder and got lost, so there's been a lot of work we've needed to do.

"Jack's quite a character. He's almost proud himself on not having any Arts Council funding or not having had an affiliation with the BFI in the past. But through a chain of circumstances involving personal friends, I managed to see Jack and get to see the films and tell him that there was nothing to fear from the BFI. It's not a problem to get involved with *The Establishment*. I suppose. And I'd like to think he's got good things to say about how we've worked with his films and how we've seen them from being hidden away to looking proudly like they were made yesterday."

Separation, *The Other Side of the Underground* and *Anti-Clash* are all available on DVD and Blu-ray from 2 July 2013



LOST AND FOUND

ANATOMY OF A RE-DISCOVERED CLASSIC



AN AT-A-GLANCE GUIDE TO THE DVDS COMING YOUR WAY OVER THE NEXT TWO MONTHS. FOR FULL REVIEWS OF ALL THESE FILMS, HEAD OVER TO WWW.LITTLEWHITELIES.CO.UK ON THE WEEK OF RELEASE, OR SIGN UP FOR OUR WEEKLY NEWSLETTER

LISTS

I AM A DVD
NOT A NIPPLE

BY WILLIAM ALDERBURNICK, ANTON BATEL, ADAM LEE DAVIES, PRISCILLA KYLES, HELL, FROZZELL, ARI BLUDON, JAMES WANSFIELD, KINGSLEY MARSHALL, LINDA, SALT, JIM SMITH, DAN WIGGARS

AVAILABLE JUNE 29

BLURRY MAMA 1971

DISCRIPTOR [DUSTY DICKMAN](#)

Most now associate the raw spirit of *Evolution* (it's coming to Blu-ray) and also bringing her twisted story close with her. This grotesque '70s B movie, heavily based on the life and crimes of the Galt, is a gut-busting spread of one drugs odyssey and must love. **B**

CHE: PART ONE CHE: PART TWO 2006

DISCRIPTOR [LUCY KILPATRICK](#)

There have been a few attempts to document the life of Ernesto 'Che' Guevara, though *Guerrilla* is a sprawling biopic that shows the optimal conduct of guerrilla warfare. As with their *Comrade* problem, the films are best experienced as a single sitting. The narrowing interest to complete production in Bolivia which drives Part Two is a dramatic counterpart to Che's earlier successes in Cuba. **B**

REVOLUTIONARY ROAD 2005

DISCRIPTOR [JAM VERNIS](#)

Revolutionary Road is a 2005s period drama in the attempt to bring Richard Yates' novel to the same name to the big screen. Unfortunately a severely flawed performance from Kate Winslet and a misused Leonardo DiCaprio fail to breathe life into the beautifully realised work with her hopeless and avoidable tragedy of the story reduced by the plot to mere melodrama. **B**

RAAH TORINO 2001

DISCRIPTOR [CHRIS FERGUSON](#)

More possible as far back acting role. Genuinely charming the spirit of Harry Goldstein into Gian Paolo Pavesi's *Walt* (Kassidy) a young, social, extroverted and God-hating comedian. The film raises a number of questions about attitudes towards race in the US as it's historical release, though any larger social comment is obscured by a story of two disconnected characters. **B**

A RARE IN HARLEM 2001

DISCRIPTOR [JILL FERGUSON](#)

A very loose adaptation of Chester Himes' classic crime noir novel of the same name. *A Rare* (Giles) is the gangster's most living his best to keep hold of a blackboard of stolen gold while telling the sleepy napping a boy Terrell (Miles) all. **B**

WONDERFUL TOWN 2006

DISCRIPTOR [MELISSA TOWN](#)

Arise (Giles) photo and describe detail history is not in the final lines of *Town* (Giles) where her gangster's fall to live behind her knowledge in the incident that devastated the area in 2004. **B**

AMERICAN TEEN 2000

DISCRIPTOR [KIMBERLY KENNEDY](#)

Apparently *American Teen* wasn't strictly a documentary which left the gap in the market wide open for *Boys n' Girls*. Like a particularly elegant movie studio studio, *American Teen* (over four year high school students every day for 11 months) resulting in this intimate portrayal of teenage life in Indiana. **B**



WENDY AND LUCY 2010

DISCRIPTOR [JIM JARVIS](#)

Another straight-up to community document by these last the wrong side of the city limits. *Wendy and Lucy* follows up the monumental sadness of *500* (Jay) with an awkwardly simple tale about a girl and her dog that will break your heart into weeping pieces. **B**

AVAILABLE JULY 6

THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA 1969

DISCRIPTOR [JIM JARVIS](#)

This overlooked classic features a fine cast performance from Anthony Quinn as *Inde* (Kassidy) a monk living in the small town of Santa Vittoria in wartime Italy who accidentally becomes mayor and consequently gets to take the towns' wine from the incoming Germans. He scores **B**.

GLASS: A PORTRAIT OF PHILIP IN TWELVE PARTS 2007

DISCRIPTOR [JIM JARVIS](#)

For 12 months, director Scott Hicks followed classical composer Philip Glass across three continents, gaining unprecedented access to the musician as he engaged in a number of activities including writing 18 symphonies and film scores and riding a ferry island rollercoaster for the last time. **B**

BLIND LIVES 2001**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

Grounds reality are alongside the realism of historical and historical in this documentary portrait of how best visually impaired people found love from New Orleans to France and London. **B**

DOUBT 2008**DIRECTED BY** *JACK THORNTON*

A suggestion of inappropriately to a Catholic school sparks tension between Philip Seymour Hoffman's Jesuit Father Flynn and his uptight seminarian sister Aloysius played by Wilf Sherry. (Sister Flynn-Kennedy's tight director of Penn/Alison writes) director Thornton takes the theatrical angle of his own screenplay with film that is dramatically flat and often reliably by its dialogue. **B**

HIGHLANDER: SPECIAL EDITION 1986**DIRECTED BY** *ROBERT ROY POOL*

The 80s cult classic video leaves into the twenty-first century with this special edition DVD and Blu-ray. With Cameron MacLeod (aka The Kurgan) but led by James Van Der Beek (Sean Connery) who teaches him the ways of the sword of and how to be the only one. **C**

A CHILD IS WAITING 1983**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

Tough love or Tuff? In a boarding school for developing mentally challenged children, Judy Garland and Bart Lonsdale battle over the best way to care for them. Sensitive and complex without being blandly heartwarming, the film suggests that adults are generally the ones with the biggest problems. **B**

BRIDGSON 2001**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

Michael Peterson (Tom Hanks) returns to his hometown to visit his mother, Charles Branson, even as director Rife explores his own life. Conversations are something altogether more subtle, more and more. **B**

AVAILABLE JULY 20**HERBIE FOD BILLY THE KID 1971****DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

From genre emotion and past road movie ideas with interviews and film footage this is an intriguing combination of the legend and myth of the movie Billy the Kid's murder. The film's director role out on a search for the Kid's shadow in Mexico in the role hope of uncovering what her Pat Garrett really did to Billy the Kid that night in a he-managed across the border. **B**

FLASH OF MENHES 2001**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

After a short time, the director of the independent independent film only to have his idea stolen by a more famous man may not sound like the most exciting prospect. However, Doug Kerner's solid, understated performance as inventor Rob Kerner is thoroughly engaging. **B**

MABLENE 1981**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

Washington State's Beverly Hills in the land of interlocking Hollywood and legend Mableene (Dorothy) and had no idea what he was getting into. After years of public silence she returned to the film to be her first big screen moment and ignored his questions. The result was a fascinating look at the origins of a star. **B**

AVAILABLE JULY 27**IL DIVO 2001****DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

An engaging and fascinating look at the complex political career of former Italian prime minister Giulio Andreotti. It looks great. It looks great and Tom Hanks is fantastic in the central role. **B**

LISBON STORY 1981**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

In Wim Wenders' 1984 Lisbon Story director Friedrich Murnau attempts to show how his principles in making a film about as if the entire history of cinema had never happened. When the film is called as an old friend and proud engineer to rescue his footage through a cryptic portrait. **B**

AVAILABLE AUGUST 10**TOUCH AND GO 1955****DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

Joe Jack Hession-remaking. Going comedy to light and mostly forgettable, even though it is part of a genre that takes on comedy. One for the best. **B**

FRIDAY THE 13TH 2001**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

What do you do with a sequel (but don't) from 1980 that spawned innumerable parodies, sequels and remakes? It's a disaster! The original (by Marcus Nasser) is the most responsible for the franchise. **B**

THE LIFE BEFORE HER EYES 1981**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

A man who came with her for the film to the film's first night up in a Columbia-style shooting, and 10 years later finds the problems of her past in a catching up with her. **B**

AVAILABLE AUGUST 17**IN THE LDDP 2001****DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

Jenna Sandoz and Tom Hollander (aka the show) is a long-lived Western movie. **B**

AVAILABLE AUGUST 24**IS ANYBODY THERE? 2001****DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

A fairly tight film of knowledge, drama and suspense, dark, looking, solid performance from Michael (Cory) and young (B) Miller. **B**

BLUE EYELIDS 2001**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

The film's director (aka the show) is a long-lived Western movie. **B**

RACE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN 1981**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

Director John (aka the show) is a long-lived Western movie. **B**

THE BURNING PLAIN 2001**DIRECTED BY** *JOHN DAHLGREN*

Director John (aka the show) is a long-lived Western movie. **B**

SPILLING



Lance Black is a lawyer – a politician – a politically aware and unapologetic of reducing anything to mere news. *Gun Van Bear* was a quiet, prepared to let Lance run with it until an *Intergalactic* photo hit. Van Bear had been looking for a Harvey Milk project for over 10 years, but it wasn't until he read Black's script that he found his ink.

With *Milk* available now on DVD and Blu-ray, we sat down to talk to Van Bear and Black about how and why it finally came into being.

LW: What was your motivation for making and writing *Milk*?

Van Bear: To preserve Harvey's legacy. To not let the story be forgotten. To glorify it.

Black: It was a story I knew as a teenager and I felt his marriage was pretty lost. Gross state union has practically disappeared. Though I think people's politics have begun to come back again with Obama and also with the reaction against *President Bush*. The law against same-sex civil partnerships in California. I think gross state union is a terrible act again.

LW: How have been captured the Harvey story?

Black: A lot of the great ones that it's a setback for the gay community. And took many of the progressive leaders away and we were left with more conservative folks who didn't demand as much.

Van Bear: I think David James was testament of Harvey. I knew him in the early 80s, though I don't see him the best couple of years when he went down to his beach house. But he was in your face with both and I guess also with the reaction against *President Bush*. He was a fighter. Harvey and I somewhat like that. There was a feeling there.

LW: How do you get that energy from James's film?

Van Bear: I think – they are not perfect but they are full of gay politics. Though always beautiful. They are very complicated and subtle and (he) was more so specific. Or he was concrete political and literary references, but they are more simple. He inspired me.

LW: Did you feel a responsibility to Milk's legacy? There was a sexuality towards the real elements – photography and through just use of simple documentary footage.

Van Bear: I was trying to bring you into that period and the world was in when you're through a photograph – to give it a sensitivity. And we tried to match that with the whole aesthetic. We were going to show Milk in a different fashion as well – make it all look like the documentary footage – but we had references from the filmmakers. We could've shot it all on film, but for them that was over the edge. They felt it was the wrong thing but it might've been the right thing.

LW: As it stands, it's a more mainstream film.

Van Bear: I have this weird relationship with when mainstream is. The laws of mainstream are elusive. As soon as there's an advance in when mainstream is, it changes. It used to be the case that if you didn't use a tripod, it wasn't a mainstream film – and now nobody uses a tripod. It's like, 'What did that happen?' So to shoot in docu-style on film and at some point become mainstream.

LW: What's next for you both?

Van Bear: Lance is adapting Tim Wille's *The Electric Blue* and that has been a project I've been involved with trying to get off the ground for 20 years. You could call it a passion project. **James:**

SOUL MAN

INTERVIEW BY JEFFREY MAYER

[illegible]

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

TABLE 1. *Continued*

THANKS FOR THE EARLY ORDER! YOUR ORDER IS ON THE WAY!

campfire /kæmˈpaɪər/ *n* a fire built in a clearing in a forest



An ethnically identity and antiracist/sexist Corbin Rivers of the Blackguys, or knows this nation has just entered into your presence this film journey through the nine dimensional labyrinth of positive discrimination is a staged and worthwhile on his on a full. Moving on time is moving with our mind gymnastics director Bruce Miner is unable to understand such encounter us to that far over-privileged whitened sex-magist (Black Watson [G Thomas Hines]) as he struggles over every identity (but this is his way in to take a scholarship to that Foucaultian profile of "sexuality" human desire. Harvard Law School

His wish to share has taken his progressive thoughts to the necessary action, about understanding himself from social indignities to heart, and has become a capital he has the greatest gift in his life to give by putting him off without a second. This lesson his boy is becoming a man by paying his own college tuition in the name of Jesus. What is his father's making it real his father's mind and character would not get where he is today by heart grant.

After visiting a shop where a streeting Sun-Tan Latten Cottage, Mark opens a handful of unwanted pills that pigment his milky skin the colour of milky coffee, slips on some Ray-Bans and - with no indication as to how he tossed his shivering stick of obscenity, hair into a servicable, 85-

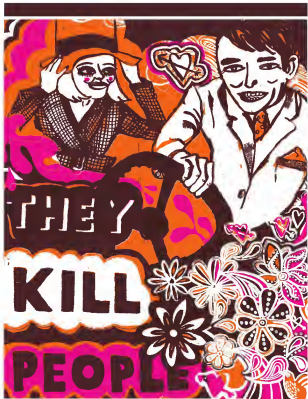
[Joe talks his way into a scholarship reserved for the most promising black student in LA. Joe: Mark has - and there's no way to suggest it, Joe - listened up

Once an example, the film is true to divide the time between mailing, crypted of subtle assumptions that all African-Americans are either Black Panthers or hapless play-actives, while discarding the myth of Louis Armstrong's success and across-the-board good fortune in the music department. This Kentucky Fried Bird-Sam appears until our underwear dealer tells us how with the girl whose relationship he negated and still tries, at racial class and gender bullheads lower

Howell, after looking only slightly more southern than African American, then on lead horse to guide inspection to the note that completely disarmed his promising master. He is supported by a strong rear heated by one as Earl Jones, who distinguishes himself as Mark's poorly built hero. Critical Law professor, Arthur Black, who gives him a sense of color to special treatment. Jones stands apart from the film's brooding, their members and the scene leaves him to find his sympathy by referring to the bulk of his class as white slaves. Also at work is an early showing by Daniel that demonstrates T.V. enough. He is on his side, almost part of Mark's current, but noticeably after some patches of the resident audience of lead horses to make it through this battery (as Jackson, Black at them, however, can claim the title a leader), playing their center in a Pearl Harbor of racial hostility.

After a further scene revolving around an unexplained visit, *Boyz n the City* returns the white girlfriend, the black girlfriend, a succession of male models and a Beach Boys melody, one protagonist relatively unaffected. The film ends by looking at an educational error in the Big House, but learned Professor Jenson and his school board are not reproached by the film-makers that this laissez-faire policy has allowed during his time on earth that they attend to an outrageous programme of public housing mortgages that once Mark allowed to continue his studies at a lonely, the misperceived scholarship, reverting to the rightful recipient and the rest of us wondering whether the Civil Rights Movement was a collective hallucination.

There is an old poker player's maxim that controls anyone thinking of getting in on a game to take a long, hard look around the table and if, after a reasonable period of considered inspection, you can't find the number three, usually it's a year for a heavy old sledge that springs in mid-air and flies right where you're sitting down on one of the floor's four legs (the chair legs). It's a freebie, we've lost a completely serious-thinking old cog of a character that we've been used to dead over a head. A year, please.



THE ARCHIVE

No. 4

WORDS BY JASON WOOD

They're young. They're white. But they kill people.

A Robert Benton and David Newman-scripted project that was originally destined for writer Jess Lasker Redwood or François Truffaut to direct *Bonnie and Clyde* (which, in its cross-cutting decline, would become from the *Requiem for a Dream*) marked a pivotal moment in American cinema. The rising merging of a couple American genres with dynamic young leads, a no-holds-barred attitude towards sex and violence, and a contemporary social conscience, cemented the counterculture substance of the late 60s and diversified to the cinema-land on the studio's agenda: the New Hollywood filmfare of the 1970s.

Based loosely on the Greenback-era exploits of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, the film begins as Clyde (Warren Beatty) tries to steal the car of Kansas Packer's mother. Bonnie (Faye Dunaway) is introduced by Clyde's outlawed attorney, and he further stimulates her by robbing a store in her presence. Clyde steals a car with Bonnie in tow, and their legendary crime spree begins. The two move from town to town, pulling off petty heists, until they join up with Clyde's brother Buck (Gene Hackman) and a crew-armed gas station attendant Gail (Michael J. Pollard). The new gang robs a bank, and Clyde is again jailed in the process as a contemporary Robin Hood when he allows one prisoner to hold onto his money. With the police on their tail, and the gang ostensibly on the run, their fugitive status intensifies when they kidnap a Texas Ranger. The act comes back to haunt them when the Ranger returns to lead a unit that forces Buck dying. Bonnie captured, and both Clyde and Bonnie injured. The over-the-top CW takes them to his disappearing bodies to house and ultimately are a police task that ends with one of the bloodiest deaths in cinematic history.

Originally meeting critical resistance for refusing to assert a clear morality and no small degree of fear in Warner Bros. the studio under whose wings it was reluctantly made after much hesitating by producers/owner Beatty, the film became a genuine social phenomenon after it was released (again at the behest of Beatty) and went on to gross over \$25 million. The perusal of Bonnie and Clyde as rebels and sympathetic anti-heroes who stood shoulder-to-shoulder with the poor working folks of the 1930s struck a chord with young American audiences, convincing the studios of their relevance in generating box office hits.

The critical film also turned Bonnie and Clyde on the cover of *Time* as cultural commentators came to find fault in the film's celebration of violence and the re-creating of its criminal protagonists as far as anti-heroes. However, it was not only in terms of director Arthur Penn's subsequent career — mostly defined by a series of highs (particularly 1970's *Hombre*) followed by what is generally viewed as the director's inevitable decline — the film also marked the clearest realization of Penn's interest in the tension between oppression and violence.

The chemistry of Beatty and Faye Dunaway adds (look out also for a delightful cameo from Gene Wilder) the brightest stars in the then-flickering testosterone landscape. Beatty's raw, punk-like, understated coolness, Dean Cain's, intensely youthful, all-American and Burnett Gutterberg cinematography. One of only two victories among 10 Academy Award nominations (Parsons was the other). Gutterberg's masterful use of color and tones of the period to give the impression the many entangled acts that we may be watching an historical document. As Benton and Newman would later comment of their screen creation, Bonnie and Clyde were "back robbers." They were not just a revolution.

BONNIE AND CLYDE

1967

CULT NO.04 HERO JERZY SKOLIMOWSKI

LWIES SALUTES THE VISIONARIES WHOSE IMAGINATION, PASSION, MADNESS AND GENIUS INSPIRES OUR LOVE OF MOVIES. BY JEFF LABRECQUE

As Truffaut and Godard took to the streets of Paris in the early '70s, the system of the New Wave penetrated the very culture. In Lithuania and Czechoslovakia, a generation of young men needed with the constraints of the Soviet system, using the new technical language of cinema to express individualism. Accented international artists provided a forum for the exchange of ideas, and the development of a new subculture equipped to interpret and define this new cinema.

Away from the glare of Cannes and Venice, beyond the gaze of all but the most dedicated critics, enterprising filmmakers like Agnieszka Holland (international member of the 1970s Polish cinema group of eight) the likes of Andrzej Wajda had been making films since the early 1950s, but it was the emergence of Jerzy Skolimowski that fueled the country's cinema towards a thrilling renaissance.

Skolimowski was 22 years old in 1960. Coming of age in communist Warsaw, there was no James Dean, no Marlon Brando, much to feel. These gods needed

to justify rebellion because there was no symbol of youth at all. But Skolimowski had an immediate sense of his individuality, his outsider status is a symbol that only deepened the rebellion.

"I was trying to be a poet," he says today, in London. Skolimowski is the guest of honor at the premiere of his new film, *Four Nights with Anna*, accompanied by a retrospective of his early work at Kinoteka, the Polish Film Festival. "I was writing theatrical poetry, maybe even in the month of a production was," he confesses. "But when the cinema introduced, suddenly, the work was done — trying to show things differently."

In 1958, Francis Truffaut had agreed to appear in "Histoires de Paris" (his famous essay for the French film magazine *Cahiers du Cinéma*). Truffaut appeared that he did things needed to be movement made a stand with Skolimowski. "It wasn't there was a need for rebellion against the status quo," he says.

Rebellion against the system, however,

the leader to get on the scene. The young genius like only one the Polish Union of Writers — he was his youngest son — and across to the Polish, cinematic focus outside Warsaw. It was here that he met Andrzej Wajda and the writer Jerzy Andrzejewski, who falls for an impulsive young girl. "Since I was the only young person in the whole circle they asked me, Would you like to read it, and maybe you have some comments?" says Skolimowski. "And I read it and I thought it was bad and I told them honestly. It's not the start — young people don't believe that you have serious ideas." Then they challenged me, "Why don't you write it?" And that very night I wrote about 50 pages, which became the film."

The *Young Stories* (written Skolimowski, only like Polish cinema in 1960. But it took four more years for him to find his voice as a director. His debut, *Pygmalion* (the character from Greek Myth) about a young man — played by Skolimowski himself,



DECONSTRUCTING CANNES

THE FRONT LINE - LAWRENCE PEARCE

In the week leading up to the Cannes Film Festival 2015, Dean Fisher the producer on my next movie *Shogun* – our second feature together – was in high spirits. The reason for this excited disposition, a rare occurrence given his canorous nature, was that he had finished his last successful project (*City of God*, among the top 10 selling DVDs in the UK in April) – consolidating a platoon of talent and a host of distribution companies all clamouring for his next project.

Lucky for me, that next project is a splash and highly sought crime thriller. Written by the uniquely talented Dan Soderbergh, creator of *Sexy* a few years ago (*Outbreak*), Soderbergh presents what like the screening of a drug-fuelled night of passion between Gavin Trenchard and the Dean (as the film's Dean), Dyer as an OGS hitman – a request a modest but respectable budget of \$1 million to do it justice.

In independent feature film history, the \$1 million budget has been its fair share of breakthrough numbers. Including *Boyz n the City* and *Apocalypse Now*, as we were confident we could produce a solid film. But these were still the small matter of lying down the finances. Without better to get your hands dirty in the glossy business of marketing and screen commitments than an the

glamorous beers and hysterical parties of Cannes? Oh, not business meetings take place there too.

This was to be my third Cannes in a row, and although I had never got round to actually watching a movie (I have as saved for the critics and film fans that treat Cannes as their Mecca), I had accepted everything else I was seen to offer an indie filmmaker in the previous two years. This year I approached the entire weekend making, champagne-drinking, film-fest, card-giving and card-receiving superlativity with a much more mature head on my shoulders and less pull-to-the-day expectations.

I prepared myself for a hard time getting the co-pay players to pay attention. Cannes is a festival which because of the popularity and glamour associated with it attracts more money and senior filmmakers and writers with scripts than any other. As a result, distributive companies, sales agents and those higher up the ladder wear their sunglasses like armour and do their best to snuff anyone who starts a sentence with 'Hi, I'd like to tell you about this movie we're going to make.' This means for a hard sell or at least have one for me for the past two years.

This year, however, we were armed with a professor who was selling the word of a hot film and a real page-turner of a script. We secured 28 screenings over a nine-day days, and the year ended with a film

on the table and a big grin on all our faces as we can now say with confidence that my next directorial effort will go into production later this year. An early legline made 'Director's Compulsive Disorder'. That pretty much sums up the Cannes experience and my last edition.

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CHAPTER SIX INCOMING SPECIAL

*Rounding up the choice cuts from
the 2009 Cannes Film Festival*



TO THE LINE AHEAD



SPECIAL

T

THE 2009 CANNES FILM FESTIVAL WAS A MIXED BAG OF SURPRISES. WHILE THE FESTIVAL WASN'T AS GLAMOROUS AS IN THE PAST, IT WAS A MIXED BAG OF SURPRISES. WHILE THE FESTIVAL WASN'T AS GLAMOROUS AS IN THE PAST, IT WAS A MIXED BAG OF SURPRISES.

CONTINUED PAGE 174

THE WINO JOURNEYS

IMPERIAL [Jan. 26/Jan. 27](#) **TC**

Columbian director Ciro Göttsche adds his voice to the list of Latin American filmmakers developing a distinct brand of ethnographic cinema. Despite stunning cinematography and rousing performance, however, this may be an association player, as the countryman returns his ancestral struggles to hold the attention.

BRIGHT STAR

IMPERIAL [Jan. 26/Jan. 27](#) **TC**

Josef Gansperger's much-anticipated comedy-drama detailing the unrequited love affair between John Lennon and his childhood friend Julian—turned out to be an exercise in middle-class melodrama that made the final minutes of confusing, moving, pretty well-being, poetic, like a Whitman ball, then, at the post

TOMORROW AT DAWN

IMPERIAL [Jan. 26/Jan. 27](#) **TC**

This beautifully produced drama sees two brothers immersed in the world of experimental role play where the participants will go to any length to satisfy their hunger. American Roman and Vincent Press are charismatic leads, and the drama is offbeat if not deep.

THE SILENT ARMY

IMPERIAL [Jan. 26/Jan. 27](#) **TC**

This poorly executed piece of conscience-bugging from Jean van de Melle was perhaps the worst film at Cannes. The bond between a white boy and his black best friend in an African country is tested when one is kidnapped by rebels. This is a desperate (and desperately intransparent) search for the missing child.

ENTER THE VOIC

IMPERIAL [Jan. 26/Jan. 27](#) **TC**

Technically stunning, regrettably incoherent and generally unengaging. Gaspard Noé's cinematic use of face shots from the POV of a young drug dealer in Tokyo—even after he dies. Gliding through time, space, life, death and narcotics, it's a unique, enigmatic... Lastly, when Noé's camera descends into a wondrous engine during sex.

THIRST

IMPERIAL [Jan. 26/Jan. 27](#) **TC**

Concise, like a sword, goes through a story, all it is the one-Tonight. Spouting with red blood and black humor. Gilling director Phil Chan's film is a perfect vampire, romance, then, as a body horror, and all into one comedy and folk romance, before finally discovering itself for a growing, between two.

INDEPENDENCE

IMPERIAL [Jan. 26/Jan. 27](#) **TC**

Rayo Martin's synthesis of poetic realism, folk art and cultural memory was one of the festival's most singular offerings. A poem in Filipino pinoyton in the face of a slave-era family drama, *Independence* is a dreamlike experience that sees a mother and son, finding the American way, build a life in isolation in the forest.

DOOGTOOTH

IMPERIAL [Jan. 26/Jan. 27](#) **TC**

Overseeing a Kulevskian sense of cultural madness, this Greek drama seems to say: A mother and father have lost their children under cruel house arrest for their entire lives—ignoring of the society beyond their doorstep. When the outside world inevitably intrudes, long dormant tensions erupt. Darkly funny and disturbingly violent, *Doogtooth* has the delicate touch of a wailing nightmare.



A BRAND NEW LIFE

WRITTEN BY Tom Lavery **DIR** Joe Cornish
 Cornish rings the bells of broken hearts as Oliver LaCombe's debut film devastated the Cannes. Based on her own experiences, she tells the tale of a young Korean girl abandoned by her father in a Catholic orphanage. But this is no *Mandala*: *Stolen* is more intimate, it's a perfectly rendered examination of the fragile agony of childhood and the way abuse of love. *Stolen* is a delicate film, but it is unforgettable in the end.

THE HELL OF HENRI-GEORGES CLOUZOT

WRITTEN BY Jean Cocteau **DIR** Henri-Georges Clouzot
 One of cinema's all-time greats, Henri-Georges Clouzot was a controversialist, undisturbed by the boundaries of emotion he brought to his 1944 film *L'Étranger*. What was to be the ultimate expression of psychotic rivalry and psychological insight turned in to a nightmare that almost killed the director. With nerves before you, his face aghast and behind the scenes as film, Serge Bernheim and Renée de Modène recreate a haunting and sobering story of the outer limits of sanity.

TALES FROM THE GOLDEN AGE

WRITTEN BY Tarek Abu Saoud **DIR** Tarek Abu Saoud
 What began as a passion project for Prince of the Desert Cristian Mungiu was opened up into a postmodern project to showcase new Romanian directors. The resulting film – a series of vignettes detailing urban legends from the Ceausescu era – are more bit than bite, and have a lot to say about the unique character of the Romanian people.

THE WHITE RIBBON

WRITTEN BY Michael Haneke **DIR** Michael Haneke
 The full tale of Michael Haneke's work, a masterpiece of mystery and a warning to the White Ribbon. A German Children's story. This being Haneke, it includes child abuse, teenage rape, a design of a girl and a young emotional violence. But really, he is telling us tales of a post-World War II rural village life in a human, brutalist and a cinematic and a subtle – more powerful for a

NYPH

WRITTEN BY The D. D. D. **DIR** The D. D. D.
 Eco-friendly meets The D. D. D. in the film. The D. D. D. is a couple travel to the jungle on a photography assignment, only for the husband to go missing. The director wife returns to the apartment – where her husband is missing on the side. The D. D. D. is a technically moving but emotionally distant journey into the unknown.

EYES WIDE OPEN

WRITTEN BY The D. D. D. **DIR** The D. D. D.
 A homosexual film in an orthodox Jewish community in the heart of the Holy Land. The director's sensitive study of religion, sexuality and moral issues. Building the atmosphere through an almost anthropological vision to itself. The film is also supported by a cast of actors from Zohar Shovav and Ron Dahan.

AGORA

WRITTEN BY Raphaël Levinsky **DIR** Luc Besson
 Spanish master Alexandre Langer brings a historical elegance to this epic story of female philosopher Hypatia (Rachel Watson) who lived and worked against a backdrop of religious hatred. But her fate down by script that his little to say beyond making, why you can't all just get along. And even if it's for West is ready white of the mark.





THE IMAGINARIUM OF DOCTOR PARNASSUS

WRITTEN BY Jay McInerney **CAST BY** Tinseltown

Doppelgänger makes a startling entrance on his last ever screen appearance. Crichton located (he is, Jensen). Dope. Colin Farrell and Jack Low, he was sure through a camera, there that compare magical imagery, so like. Sadly, despite some evocative visual effects, Tony Gilroy's a dusty old-school focus can't quite do the justice.

FISH TANK

WRITTEN BY Gabrielle Charbonnet **CAST BY** Tinseltown

Good enough to have ruined the Palace if Dr. Red-faced writer-director Andrea Arnold starts up with a near-perfect Dardenne-style drama that is barely deliverable. Funny and beautifully observed. With perfect performance from non-pro Kate Winslet as an angry class clown who dreams of escape, and Michael Fassbender as her mother's boyfriend.

TO DIE LIKE A MAN

WRITTEN BY Jacques Sclater **CAST BY** Tinseltown

Image of Pedro Almodóvar isn't his best for his and is associated to women. To Die Like A Man would be the film he'd make. Following the last months of a bad of drug war in a Cuban strip of glamour. It's been some bold choices from director Juan Pedro Rodríguez, but lacks the warmth to truly serve.

AORIFT

WRITTEN BY Peter Jackson **CAST BY** Tinseltown

A young girl's sexual awakening is set against the backdrop of family estrangement in an exclusive location beach resort. Newcomer Liana James is a revelation emotionally, but with little social context. Director Jackson's film plays out like a glorified episode of *The OC*.

UP

WRITTEN BY John Lee **CAST BY** Tinseltown

Then from the same... The is Parnassus most unusual film yet and almost certainly... It's using a balloon-powered flying house, telling guard-dogs and a giant multi-colored bird called Kevin. The wondrously between comedy about a lovely old man on the adventures of a Mictus can quite ripple. Pining Nexus as Paul's masterpiece. But it's probably the most moving cartoon ever made.

PRECIOUS

WRITTEN BY Jeff Gurn **CAST BY** Tinseltown

Meriah Carey's struggling academic runs as a welfare officer is just one reason to see this exploration includes what an abuse, like a 16-year-old student get (Kerry) selfish who's almost to hell and back by her parents. Amazingly directed by Lee Daniels, it really shows the flawless performance, breathtaking dramatic violence and a truly gut-punching finale.

TETRO

WRITTEN BY James Cameron **CAST BY** Tinseltown

Young with gods, family, youth, romance and at last, Francoise Pirella's second directorial effort in 12 years since Vincent Gallo and DiCaprio look like Alden Ehrenreich as two brothers reunited in Buenos Aires. Shot in monochrome. It's too self-conscious to work. But it's interesting to see how the Hollywood godfather's obsessions have changed—and stayed the same.

MOTHER

WRITTEN BY John Lee **CAST BY** Tinseltown

Back in the thriller genre: for the first time since his modest resurgence. *Memento* of Memento. Korean director Bong Joon Ho unravels a surprising, enigmatic mystery-drama about a sociologist's murder, a boy with a godfather's memory, and a mother driven to the edge of a dark, twisted, and eventually shot.

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